Methodist Magazine and Review.

DECEMBER, 1903.

DRAINING THE ZUYDER ZEE.

THE most stupendous hydraulic work ever attempted will shortly be undertaken by Dutch engineers. This is nothing less than pumping dry the stormy Zuyder Zee, and converting many hundreds of square miles of watery waste into fertile farms and smiling orchards. The German Ocean has been from time immemorial the implacable enemy of the sturdy and stalwart race who, behind their dikes and dunes, have defied its assaults, and again and again conquered wide reaches from its grasp.

Holland has been described by Hudibras as

A country that draws fifty feet of water ;
A land that lies at anchor and is moored,
In which men do not live, but go on board.

This amphibious country is well named Holland—the hollow land. Its character is indicated by its heraldic cognizance—a swimming lion, with the motto, "Luctor et Emergo," which may be freely rendered, "I struggle to keep above water." Much of the country lies below the level of the sea. These fertile pastures have been reclaimed from the domain of the sea by the daring industry of the Dutch, who have built great dikes, or embankments, to keep out the ravening sea, which, unlike the "ancient and unsubsidized allies of England"—an invulnerable defence—is an implacable enemy, perpetually besieging their earthen ramparts.

SUNDAY MORNING, NORTH HOLLAND.

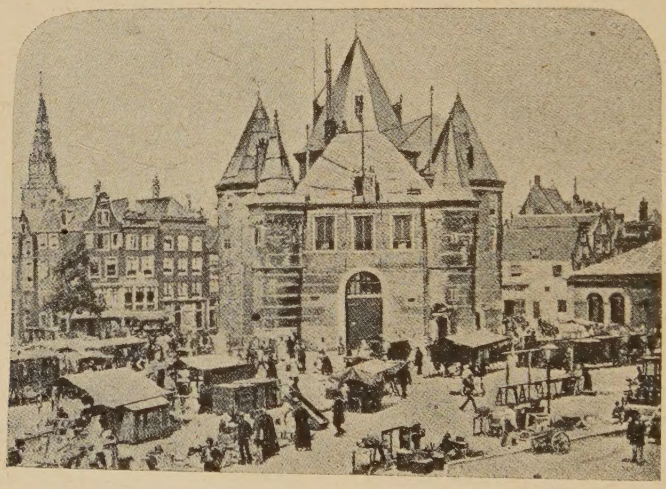
In spite of ceaseless vigilance against its assaults, the ocean sometimes bursts its barriers and turns fertile meadows and smiling valleys into a stormy sea—"Verdronken Land," as it is called—literally, "drowned land." Over and over again the patriotic Dutch have opened the dikes and laid their country far and wide beneath the waves, as their sole defence against Spanish tyranny. In the terrible

siege of Antwerp by the French in 1832, the dikes were cut, and the country for three years was flooded by the sea, and gunboats cruised about the fields and anchored amid the orchards. The stratum of saline sand deposited almost prevented cultivation for many years.

The route from Antwerp to Rotterdam traverses a characteristically Dutch landscape—vast meadows, level as a floor and divided by trenches of water. Canals ramify everywhere, along whose silent highways stealthily glide the "trek-schuits," or "draw-boats," often dragged by men, or even women, harnessed like horses. Along the horizon, wherever one looks, are rows of picturesque windmills, ceaselessly brandishing their mighty arms, as if to challenge any over-valiant Quixote to mortal combat. I have seen a dozen in a single view.

The villages, country houses, and gardens are scrupulously, almost painfully neat and clean. At Broek, near Amsterdam, no horses are allowed in the streets and no one may enter a house with his shoes or boots on. The town houses are generally high and narrow, built of red brick, with crow-stepped gables, each with a large crane for hoisting goods from the streets, or from the canals which flow below. The lazy barges creep along, and just as you want to cross a canal up swings the counterpoised draw-bridge, and you envy the Dutch patience of the vrows and mynheers who quietly wait—the latter stolidly pulling at their porcelain pipes, as though it were life's sole concern—till the bridge falls again.

The men and women one meets in the street seem built on the same principle as the Dutch boats in the canals—very broad and staunch-looking craft. I saw, at last, where Rubens found the models for his very solid saints and angels, and for his exceedingly ample, not to say exuberant, allegorical figures.



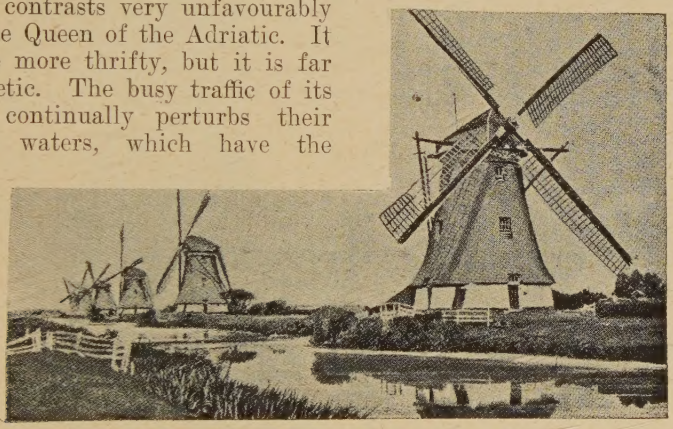
FISH-MARKET, AMSTERDAM.

The throngs of people consisted largely of peasants in their gala dress—the men in stiff high-collared coats with big horn buttons, and high-crowned hats; the women in stuff gowns with a white neckerchief, a lace cap and a broad gold band across the forehead with spiral

horns projecting at either side, and large, clumsy-looking pendants in their ears. These must be of considerable value, but Dutch thrift secures to almost every peasant woman this singular and ugly headgear.

The railway from the Hague to Amsterdam, by way of Leyden and Haarlem, traverses the sand-dunes of the Northern Sea, and a broad "polder" reclaimed from the ocean.

Amsterdam, the Venice of the North, contrasts very unfavourably with the Queen of the Adriatic. It may be more thrifty, but it is far less poetic. The busy traffic of its canals continually perturbs their muddy waters, which have the colour and consistency of pea-soup, and the tall, dull, red brick houses, through the sinking of the piles on which they rest, lean at various angles as though they would topple over.



DUTCH WINDMILLS.

Like Venice, Amsterdam has grown from a few fishermen's huts, built like sea-gulls' nests on an oozy sandbank, to be a great commercial entrepot. It has a thrifty population of 300,000. Its ninety islands are connected by three hundred bridges, and, as in Venice, almost every house can be reached by water. The stately rows of elms, however, that border the canals have no counterpart in the fairer southern city. The finest building is the Palace, a massive Renaissance structure, built for a town hall, on 14,000 piles—hence the jest of Erasmus about the people living on the tops of the trees. Its interior is exceedingly sumptuous, and the Council Chamber of those merchant princes is one of the most magnificent in Europe.

I went to see the famous fish auction, and was glad to escape from its unsavoury crowds of sailors and fishwives and their slimy merchandise. I lodged at the old Bible House, in which the first Dutch Bible was printed. I was shown a copy of the original edition of 1542—a massive black-letter book with queer old cuts. The son of the printer opened an inn, and set up as his sign an open Bble inscribed with the text, "Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake!" and there, above the door, it is to this day.

Amsterdam has nearly forty thousand Jews, with ten splendid synagogues. Here, in 1632, the celebrated Spinoza, the "father of modern philosophy," was born.

Several of our cuts illustrate the quaint costumes and customs of the Dutch in the mild dissipations of church-going and the Kermesse.

One of the strangest phenomena of history is the changing of the

centre of gravity of sea-borne commerce again and again. During hundreds of years on a group of sand-banks in the Adriatic grew up the greatest commercial emporium of mediæval times. The merchants of Venice were famous throughout all lands, and "held the gorgeous East in fee." The discovery of America and a new route to the East around the Cape of Good Hope changed all that. The centre of gravity shifted to the western coast of Europe. Cadiz, Lisbon, Bristol, London, and the cities of the Zuyder Zee became new emporia of commerce. But from some of these, too, the tide of commerce ebbed away, while to the ports of London, Liverpool, and Glasgow it brought incomparably greater gains. The dead cities of the Zuyder Zee are conspicuous examples of this drying up of the empire.

Around the edge of that great lake, says Walter Wellman, in an interesting article in McClure's Magazine, to which we are indebted for the accompanying maps, now sleep some of the most ancient towns in Europe. It is difficult for the present generation to realize the part which these decaying cities once played in the history of the world. Stavoren, on the east coast, dates back to 300 B.C., and was a great commercial centre long before the ocean swept in and made it a seaport. As the capital of Friesland, it had its gardens and palaces, where princes and ambassadors gathered from all parts of Europe to make treaties of commerce or alliances with Romans, Danes, Germans, and Franks. The fame of its wealth spread throughout the world.

Hoorn, on the west coast, had as early as 1400 a cattle fair which soon assumed the proportions of an international gathering. Strange dispensation of fate, Hoorn by the dry-making will become an inland town, many miles from any other water than that of a canal—Hoorn which once sent her merchantmen to all parts of the known world and whose sailors were famous everywhere; Hoorn whence sailed Tasman, who discovered New Zealand and Tasmania; Schouten, who was the first to round Cape Horn (and named it after his native town),

ON THE WAY TO CHURCH.

FOOT-WARMERS IN CHURCH.

and Koern, who founded Batavia. Once the home of 25,000 prosperous people into whose laps the world poured its wealth, Hoorn has now only 10,000 sleepy dwellers; and at last it must become an agricultural village, with cabbage fields growing where once its fleets lay so proudly in the bay.

Enkhuizen is perhaps the deadest of the once powerful "Dead Cities" of the Zuyder Zee; for Stavoren has altogether disappeared, and can be no longer counted among them. Once the most important town in Holland, with 60,000 inhabitants, extended commerce, and a fleet of a thousand ships, Enkhuizen has shrunk away, until at the present time its population is only 5,000, who wander lazily through miles of silent streets.

Medemblik, too, ancient capital of all this country before Hoorn and Enkhuizen existed, as a result of this new enterprise will cease dreaming of its old-time mastery of the main, and turn its attention to the market gardening of the new polder lands. Medemblik, which once sheltered kings and armies, and had its palaces and parliaments, is now a town of tottering walls and tumbling houses, a decrepit, toothless old man among cities. All these picturesque relics of former ages, with Edam, Vallendam, Monnickendam, and many more, will now be more or less transformed by the new dry-making; they will become the centres of agricultural districts where intensive farming may pay the yearly rentals to the state and leave enough over for a well-diffused prosperity. The dead cities of the Zuyder Zee may be resurrected by the wizard hand of modern engineering science.

This great enterprise is only reconquering from the sea what it stole from the land. When the Romans overran Western Europe, the greater part of what is now the Zuyder Zee was covered with forests infested by bears and wolves. In the centre of this great forest, royal hunting grounds of long ago, was

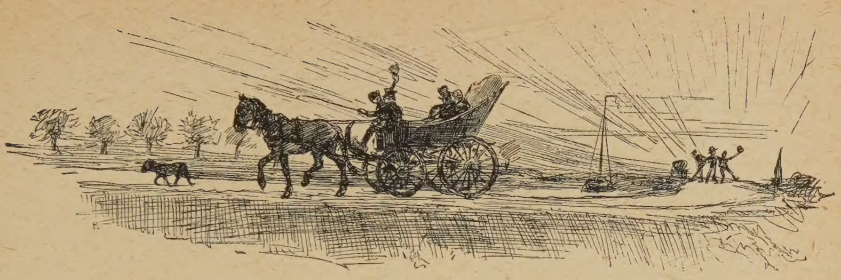
A DUTCH-BUILT CRAFT.

RETURNING FROM CHURCH.

a lake called by Tacitus the "Flevo." In 1170 came the great inundation, known in the history of the Netherlands as the "All Saints' Flood Day." The sea, hurled by north-westerly storms, beat against the natural barriers, ate and dissolved the sandy islands, swept into the interior, covered the forest. Cities were engulfed, towns destroyed, many thousands of human beings drowned.

The Zuyder Zee, writes Beckles Wilson, celebrated in Dutch legend and history, occupies some 1,400 square miles—the area of a large European province. On its shores are the ancient towns of Medemblik, Hoorn, Harderwyck, Norden, and Enkhuizen, once large cities in the halcyon days of Dutch commercial and naval supremacy. It encompasses the islands of Marken, Schokland, and Urk. But what Holland wants to-day more than anything else is territory—home territory—for expansion. She is too weak a state to enlarge her boundaries at the expense of her political neighbours; consequently there is nothing to be done but to gain elbow-room at the expense of Father Neptune. She has long cast her eye on the Zuyder Zee for this purpose, ever since 1849, in fact, when Mynheer Van Diggelen, Minister of Waterways, developed a plan for shutting off the whole Zuyder Zee within the islands to the north. In that year and the following one the Haarlem Lake was pumped dry and many thousands of acres thrown open for cultivation and settlement. The present plan consists of building a dam or embankment across the northern part of the sea from Wieringen, in North Holland, to Piaam, in Friesland, having sluices into the North Sea. Then will follow the creation of two "polders," or areas of dry land reclaimed from the sea, pumping out the water by means of steam pumps. The rest will remain a fresh-water lake—at all events in so far as Mr. Lely's plan is concerned; but should the latter prove successful his successors may in days to come create two more polders on the north-east and south-east of the lake.

Upon the eminently practical minds of the Dutch the possibility of draining this vexatious gulf has long exercised an irresistible fascination. Much in the way of such reclamation had been done in other spots during the past two hundred years. Here and there considerable areas of rich land were wrested from the grip of the sea. These recovered patches the Dutch call "polders;" and a striking example of the success of this method of adding to the cultivable area of the country is found in the famous Haarlem Polder, where the lake of that name, lying far below the level of the North Sea, was pumped back into



RESULTS OF A KERMESSE—SUNRISE.

the ocean, leaving 42,000 acres of dry, fertile land upon which 17,000 people now dwell in peace and comfort.

When the Dutch go at a thing they do not lack in thoroughness. They overlook nothing. They carefully weigh all things. The first thing they did was characteristic: they appointed a commission to inquire carefully into every phase of the problem—engineering, economic, agricultural, governmental, hygienic, hydraulic, financial. They reckoned with every foot of material, every gallon of water, every hectare of land, every gulden of outlay and probable income.

This is the most stupendous engineering work of the kind ever attempted. The pumping dry of Haarlem Lake was at the time pronounced by many engineers to be impossible; yet it was successfully performed. Zuyder Zee is many times the area of Haarlem Lake, and presents from its depth and character many more difficulties. Indeed, the lowest estimate of the fertile lands to be reclaimed makes it two and a half times that of the former undertaking, while if the plan of the States Commission is followed it will be at least eight times as large, and capable of supporting, according to the density of population in Holland, from 20,000 to 50,000 persons in comfort and plenty. At present 3,500 fishermen pursue their precarious calling on these waters.

The fiat of doom of the Zuyder Zee has gone forth. In a very few years many thousands of acres of smiling Dutch pastures, of prosperous Dutch villages, of poplar-bordered roads, will characterize what is now merely the bottom of the sea.

Science in the twentieth century will have hardly any tale to tell more astonishing than this.

The Zuyder Zee is the gulf which forms the mouth of the Yssel and other rivers. Through the waters of this gulf flow the fresh waters of the rivers on their way to the open sea beyond. It is an integral part of the present design, instead of simply dyking the rivers within their narrow channels, to allow them to flow into a central reservoir or lake in the central part of what is now the Zuyder Zee. Shutting out the sea by a great dyke, with sluices connecting this lake with the ocean, makes it practicable to control the water-level.

The total land and water area of the Netherlands is 12,582 square miles, so that more than a tenth of it is covered by the waters of the Zuyder Zee. If the whole of this sea were to be reclaimed, the actual area of the kingdom would be increased ten per cent. A territorial addition which to a people more numerous than those who inhabit the great continent of Australia and nearly as numerous as the population of Canada, would be in those countries represented by a province

the size at least of Manitoba on the one hand, or of Victoria on the other. It is only in this way that it is possible even imperfectly to convey an idea of the value of land to the subjects of Queen Wilhelmina. Of course, the entire reclamation of the sea will come gradually, though the present undertaking is an immense step forward. 95,000,000 fl. ($41,800,000), which amount is to be raised by loans, and it is proposed to pay off the principal and interest by an annual increase of the budget of 2,000,000 fl. ($880,000) during a maximum period of sixty years.

The backbone of this tremendous engineering project, says Mr. Wellman, is the great sea-dike, which

STILT-WALKING IN HOLLAND.

As for the area of the principal polders, they are to be as follows: The Wieringen Polder, 54,000 acres of fertile land, and the Hoorn Polder, about 77,000 acres, containing about 68,000 acres of fertile land. The entire work is to be completed in eighteen years.

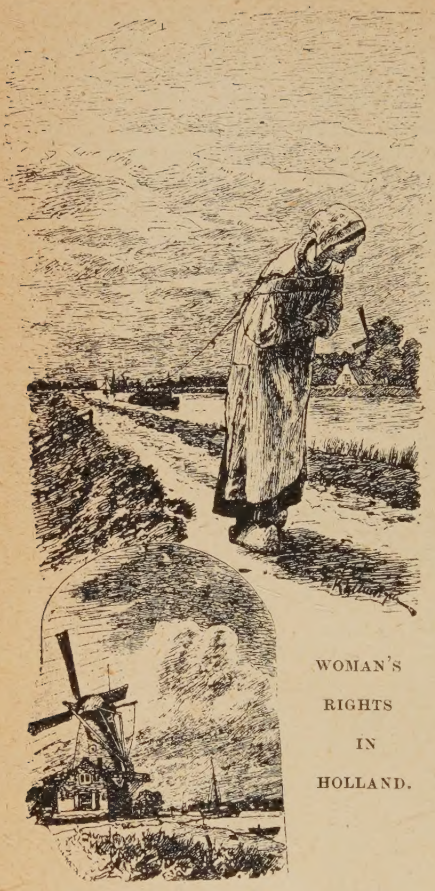
The cost of this gigantic work is estimated in round numbers at is to perform the all-important function of shutting out the North Sea —keeping the ancient enemy at a safe distance. The total length of this dike, the "afsluit dijk" is 24.8 miles. Massive it must be, firm as a rock, to withstand the attacks of the storms which will beat against it from the North Sea, to resist the pressure of the ice which in winter

will drive with terrible force upon its ramparts.

How is this mighty bulwark to be constructed? At the shore they will fashion mats of interwoven willow twigs, about one metre in thickness and of convenient length and breadth. These will be towed out, loaded with stones, earth, sand, and mud, and when sunk will form the foundation of the whole structure. This rampart, reinforced by solid foundations of timber, will rise almost to the low-water level, and will be faced by stones brought from Scotland and Norway. It will have a breadth of about one hundred feet, and it is designed to serve as the mainstay of the larger structure which is to be superimposed upon it. This latter, composed chiefly of sand, will start from the centre of the other wall and rise at a gentle slope, stone-faced, to a height about sixteen feet above the high-water level, and eight and one-half feet above the storm level. The total base width of this great bank of sand, bulwark and backing together, will be eighty-six metres, or about two hundred and eighty feet.

When this great sea-wall is finished it will be a giant causeway twenty-five miles in length, showing about eighteen feet of its height, and one hundred and ninety feet of its breadth above the mean level of the waters on the ocean side. It will carry a double-track railway and also a waggon-road, both affording a short line of communication between the two parts of the little country—North Holland on the west and Friesland on the east. Sluiceways with locks will permit of the escape of water from Lake Yssel and also the passage of vessels. Fortunately, the Zuyder Zee is shallow here, the average depth of water being about four metres, or thirteen

ANNE OF SAXONY, WIFE OF WILLIAM THE SILENT.



WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN HOLLAND.

feet, and the greatest depth in one or two spots about thirty-five feet. Fortunately also, two-thirds the way across from Wieringen is a shoal which shows above low water. Here an island will be constructed, and the work of building the dike can thus go on from four points simultaneously—from the Wieringen and Friesland shores and from both sides of this island of sand built up with "linkstuk" additions.

The great dike finished, the ocean shut out at last, and the Zuyder Zee made an interior lake, the real work of reclamation will begin. First they build a dike around about 53,000 acres of land in the north-western corner of their new-made lake.

An idea of the magnitude of this "dry-making" may be judged from the fact that the average depth of the water now covering these eight hundred and eighteen square miles is a little more than eighteen feet. That means nearly three cubic miles, or nearly 14,000,000,000 tons, of water. Inasmuch as all this is to be pumped out during a period comprising about twenty years, an average of 70,000,000 tons must be taken out each twelvemonth, making it, without a doubt, one of the largest water-pumping operations known to the history of engineering.

Now, says Mr. Beckles Wilson, as regards the profits which the nation is to receive from the reclaimed land. The rental value, after deducting taxes, has been estimated at about ten dollars an acre, but as a matter of fact double that sum is at present paid for dyked lands on the verge of the Zuyder Zee. But take it at this rental and you have for 430,000 acres at least $4,300,000 per annum income to the state.

But, after all, this great work is not intended as a money-making scheme, and, strictly speaking, never may become so. Merely for the initial expenses connected with the fishery, drainage, navigation, and defence, over $20,000,000 will have to be expended.

But with the drying of the sea what becomes of the Zuyder Zee fishermen? For there is, as all the world knows, a busy fishery on the Zuyder Zee, chiefly for herrings, flounders, anchovies, smelts, eels, and shrimps.

There are eighteen communes, with a fleet of more than 1,500 boats manned by 3,000 fishermen, by whom fishery is carried on exclusively or chiefly in the Zuyder Zee.

The yield of the Zuyder Zee fisheries is subject to great fluctuations. An abundant haul of anchovies alone may in a single year bring in

WEST KAPELLE, A DEAD CITY OF THE ZUYDER ZEE.

upwards of $400,000. Taken altogether, the gross yield of the Zuyder Zee fishery amounts probably to about twice this sum. Enclosing the Zuyder Zee puts an end for ever to the fishery on that sea as an important industry.

Not only will the enclosure deprive those who now live exclusively by the Zuyder Zee fishery of the means of subsistence, but their boats and fishing tackle, being unsuited to the North Sea fishery, will be almost valueless. The loss sustained by the Zuyder Zee fishery in consequence of the enclosure ought to be compensated for as far as possible.

This could be done in the first place by giving the fishermen who now pursue their calling exclusively or principally on the Zuyder Zee, at the expense of the state, suitable boats equipped for the North Sea fishery. The State Commission suggests also other kinds of compensation, and estimates the cost to the state of making provision for the interests of the fishermen at 4,500,000 fl.

Tradition has ascribed the very existence of the Zuyder Zee to an irruption of the ocean in the twelfth century. If this be the case, we may perhaps look forward to the wholesale revelation of mementoes of the towns and villages, supposed to have been overwhelmed at that time. On the other hand, it is a notable fact that Haarlem Lake failed to yield to the explorers any traces of a former habitation by man, although its bed was shown to have been the site of more than one busy settlement. This disappointing result was doubtless due to the huge growth of alluvial deposit at the bottom of the reclaimed lake; and the same cause may operate in the case of the Zuyder Zee. It is not, however, at all unlikely that the hulls of vessels wrecked during the last 300 years on the shoals and sandbanks of the Zuyder Zee will still be near enough the surface to be dug up and examined. Many valuable cargoes were lost there during the period of the Dutch commercial supremacy, when the merchants of this region sent ships to every part of the known world. If the remains of these

ONE OF THE DEAD CITIES OF THE ZUYDER ZEE.

ships are found there will undoubtedly be many interesting relics taken out of their hulls. A few wrecks of comparatively modern times were found even in the Haarlem Lake with coins and small metal articles on board.

But when you turn a sea into dry land is it immediately habitable? Will not all the Zuyderland population die off of malaria?

With respect to the results of the reclamation from a hygienic point of view, the following remarks may be made on the basis of the observations of the State Commission on the subject:

During the process of reclaiming, the drying marshy soil may bring about the development of malarial diseases. The same will be the case in the first few years after the reclamation, during the subdivision and preparation of the ground. The workmen employed in these occupations will be exposed to malarial influences.

The manner in which the work will be carried on will, however, greatly influence the hygienic conditions under which the workmen are placed. By arranging the reclamation in successive, and not too large areas, and shortening as much as possible the marshy stage, furthermore, by making the water-level sink as quickly as possible and so far as is practicable by keeping it at an equal height, we have it in our power to shorten the malaria period. Besides, we are now better equipped against malaria, both preventively and curatively, than formerly.

The probability that malarial sickness would spread to any considerable distance from the place of its origin is very slight. The possibility of being attacked by malaria will remain confined to the reclaimed polders themselves, and their nearest neighbourhood along the shore of the Zuyder Zee. When once, however, the dangerous period is passed, the condition of the coast lands may be considered as most probably more favourable to health than it is now.

The question may be asked if the transition from salt to fresh water will have no injurious results for the inhabitants of the coast.

Experience teaches us in general that lower organisms no longer exist

A DUTCH VILLAGE BEHIND THE DIKES.

when conveyed from salt to fresh water. The death of such organisms on a large scale would lead to decay and, therefore, to the formation of malodorous matter, especially when the water is stagnant and higher temperature favours the process of decay.

Probably we may conclude that the Zuyder Zee offers the conditions of giving the lower organisms the opportunity of gradually changing their habitat according as the half-fresh water takes the place of the brackish or salt water.

The men who have the matter in hand declare that the moment the great dam is built land communication will be facilitated, as the opportunity will be afforded for making a road along the enclosure dyke, as also for a direct railway communication between Friesland and North Holland.

There will be a space for the railway on the berm or bank at foot of the slope of the enclosure dyke, and as by this means the expenditure for expropriation and for constructing an embankment will be saved, it will be constructed at considerably less expense than other railways.

It clearly appears from the above that the enclosing of the Zuyder Zee, as it is now planned, will bring about considerable alterations in the conditions of the surrounding districts, that is to say, of no less than five provinces, alterations so wide and comprehensive as have never been made by any public works that have been carried out in Europe.

It is as if Lake Michigan or Lake Erie were to be pumped dry, and the fundament of each converted into a new State, only—and this is the cardinal difference—neither of these is salt water as directly connected with the ocean as is the Gulf of Mexico.

The summit of the dykes of this reclaimed land will be about seven feet above high-water-mark at Amsterdam. On account of the considerable difference in the level of

the bottom, it is desirable to divide each portion which is to be reclaimed into separate parts and to pump out the water of each part separately. The canals of the different polder divisions will communicate with each other by locks.

For pumping out the two polders eight steam pumps altogether have been arranged for, with an aggregate of 4,330 horse-power, including the reserve.

The reclaimed ground is to be subdivided in such a manner as to allow of ample provision being made for drainage, and also the fullest facilities for bringing in and carrying away agricultural requirements and produce by land and water.

On the whole, no pains have been spared to make the great project as perfectly planned (as it will doubtless be as perfectly executed) as modern human ingenuity will admit of.

Yet it remains to add, as may be said of any great public scheme, that it is privately viewed with mixed feelings. In my excursions about Zuyder Zee I ran across an old fisherman at Marken sitting beside a boat, mending his nets. His grandchildren, the eldest of whom could not have been more than eight, played about him in their clumsy wooden shoes.

"Well, Oom," I ventured to say, "so they're going to take the sea away from you?"

He looked up gravely for a second, and then bent his head.

"Ya, mynheer, it is true—it is wonderful. I have been a sailor hereabouts for sixty years, and my father and grandfather and great-grandfather were sailors before me. I got to love the old sea in my youth, and should have been glad if they'd have waited until I was out o' the way before they began to tamper with Zuyder Zee. But I'll be gone when the work's done. My boy, the father of these younkers here, lies drowned in the middle of it. Like as not, I tell 'em, they'll come upon his bones when all the fisherfolk have turned farmers, and they sow corn and beans where the boats' anchors used to drag."

At the completion of this great work, continues Mr. Wellman, the state will find itself in possession of 478,720 acres of cultivable land, recovered from the sea at a cost of $211 an acre. The commission which patiently investigated this and all other phases of the project, estimated that the new lands would have a renting value of $10 an acre; and this is claimed to be a low figure, since land in other polders, no better than this, brings rentals of from $14 to $18 an acre. It is proposed, however, to lease all the new area at 4 1-2 per cent. upon its cost, which would be $9.50 an acre, and this income, it will be readily seen, would suffice to pay the interest charge of 3 or 3 1-2 per cent. upon the bonds and leave enough over for a sinking fund. It is believed the whole tract will be taken up by farmers as fast as it is ready, as the average quantity of the land to be placed upon the market each year is only about 14,000 acres. The experience with other lands in the Netherlands reclaimed from the sea has been that they produce large crops without the use of artificial fertilizers. The lessees will be required to make their own improvements, but they will have the advantage of water transportation from farm to market for all their products, since it is proposed to intersect the polders with canals and navigable ditches which will touch the borders of every farm.

Where now the Zuyder Zee basks calmly in the sun or beats up salt billows as the fit seizes it, they propose to have in their four polders, eight parishes, forty villages, 4,000

farms, and 200,000 dwellers, of whom 40,000 will be working-men. That is ten working-men to each farm, and each farm to consist of only one hundred and twenty acres —one man to each twelve-acre lot. In the Western world this would be thought a most extravagant allotment of labour, but it must be remembered that in Holland they have intensive farming—they nurse and cull their fields as a flower gardener his violet beds.

When this greatest of all sea-expelling projects shall have been completed, visitors to Holland will be able to travel about the shores of the present Zuyder Zee, upon the crests of two hundred and twenty-three miles of dikes, inclusive of both the great sea wall and the polder-enclosing embankments. Walking or riding across the former they will have the North Sea on one side, with its waves and tides; and if they chance to be there during a heavy storm, they will see spray flying over the waggon road and railway, and the mighty waves beating in vain against the artificial barrier which man has so patiently erected. When they look to the north they will see the boiling salt water rising within eight feet of the top of the bank whereon they stand; but when they turn to the southern side they will behold a comparatively placid body of fresh water whose level is eighteen feet lower. Notwithstanding this difference between the surfaces of the two seas, despite the force and fury of the expelled one, often with ice in its arms to be used as a battering-ram in mad efforts to regain its lost domain, the Dutch are calmly confident the rampart will stand the test for ever and a day.

The visitor who takes a walk upon the top of the two hundred miles of interior dikes will look down at the waters of the Yssel Lake, only ten feet below. But on the landward side he will see farms, crops, houses, churches, canals, and ditches, men and women busy in the fields, from twenty to thirty-two feet below his standing-place. The chimneys of the farm-houses and the tops of the tall stacks of grain will be on a level with the surface of the lake the other side of the wall. Ships sailing that sheet of water will afford their passengers a most excellent panoramic view of the country, spread far beneath and beyond the artificial banks. This topsy-turvyness is characteristic of Dutchland; for there they do not "go down to the sea in ships," but climb hills when they wish to embark, and descend them again when they have finished their sailing over the elevated plateaus of water. Thus we see how a new Holland will arise out of the ocean.

THE DORDRECHT FIRE DEPARTMENT.

TYPES OF CANADIAN WOMEN.*

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS LOUISE
(DUCHESS OF ARGYLL), V.A., C.I., R.R.C.

ITS treatment of its women is a good criterion of the civilization of any people. In inferior grades of civilization woman is either a doll or a drudge; in the higher grades she is the equal and helpmate of man. Judged by this standard, Canada will take very high rank among the nations. We are not aware of any such tribute being paid to the women of any race as is here rendered the women of Canada in Mr. Morgan's magnificent volume. Mr. Morgan confesses that he has been sustained in his prolonged labours in its preparation chiefly by the contagion of the current of the age, "the urgency of one of its most vital movements, the

* "Types of Canadian Women and of Women Who Are or Have Been Connected with Canada." Edited by Henry James Morgan, LL.D., F.R.S.N.A. Vol. I. Toronto: William Briggs. Octavo. Pp. x-382. Price, $5.00 net.

MRS. W. E. SANFORD.

liberation of women from old trammels, educational and material." "In Canada," he says, "where the status of women had always been high, the needed changes were brought to pass with less acrimony than elsewhere, and were furthered by the chivalrous generosity both of our men of learning and our men of wealth."

It is pleasant to recognize in this book prominent types of the two races which were once arrayed in deadly conflict against each other, but now dwell in cordial amity beneath the protecting folds of the red-cross flag, which is always and everywhere the symbol of law and order and liberty. The portraits of about five hundred notable daughters of Canada are given, with brief biographical notices. The excellence of the half-tones and admirable printing of the volume reflect special credit on the publisher, as well as the author and editor of this book. We quote, as follows, a few paragraphs from Mr. Morgan's admirable introduction:

"The 'Types' included in this work are mainly of two races, of two orders of civilization, two great

systems of belief and worship. They represent three centuries, and many marked contrasts of fashion and convention. They are of every class, from royalty to that of the bourgeoisie and the ranks of industry. Among them are women worthy to be called saints—those "Servantes de Dieu en Canada" (as one writer happily entitles them), who for the love of God and the salvation of souls, the relief of the poor and suffering, and the help of strained toilers, gave up luxurious homes and the attractions of a refined society. Some of them taught the wild children of the forest; others undertook even menial offices, and all of them exposed themselves to hazards that made even brave men shudder to think of.

"Of another character, though of the same proud stock, were those in whose conscious veins throbbed the blood of soldiers, and who, in the hour of trial, shrank not from the soldier's peril. To all these lady pioneers fell the task of perpetuating in the wilderness the graces and amenities of polite society, to be models of good behaviour, to inculcate a sense of honour, and keep alive the torch of the household virtues. When the old order changed, the old manners and morals, thanks to these good ladies, and those who followed in their footsteps, remained with us. Lady pioneers of the new stock brought with them, indeed, some lofty qualities of their own. Some of them had sacrificed much for the sake of principle, and then taught their children to be brave and true and loyal. Sons of both races, worthy of such mothers, fought shoulder to shoulder for their common home against a common foe. They went forth thrice-armed, because their quarrel was just, and did credit to their gentle teachers. And as our heritage broadened out till it touched the ocean on either hand, and new pioneers went forth to guard new frontiers and new hearths, they caught and handed on the old traditions, so that when not long ago such a summons came as had never sounded before, Old Canada and New Canada, true to the lessons they had learned at their mothers' knees, went forth to fight, or, if necessary, to die, for a cause, a principle. The women of Canada knew their duty then, and did it, each in her own sphere. Some went with the volunteers to nurse, to teach, to pray. Those who went not in fleshly guise went in spirit. For it was the battle of Greater Britain—of that over-sea Empire—which their prayers, their lessons, their nursing had helped to create.

"While the majority of the ladies in these 'Types' may be classed as Canadians by birth, to whatever original stock they may belong by inheritance, there are others who represent the old lands as well as Canada. Some of these are, or were, the wives of governors, or other high functionaries, whose names have become as household words to all Canadians. Others, born in Canada, have become connected by marriage with illustrious British or foreign families. Still others, born and married in Canada to Canadian husbands, have through the succession or elevation of the latter to peerages, or other high positions, gone to live abroad. Of women who, by exceptional gifts and labours, have won honour in their own and other lands, the number is so large that the writer sometimes found the choice of types perplexing. Every sphere of beneficent activity may be said to be exemplified in these pages. Religion, philanthropy, society, art, letters, science are all illustrated."

In the distinguished company which Mr. Morgan has gathered in

MRS. CLIFFORD SIFTON.

this sumptuous volume are "Honourable" and "Right Honourable" women not a few, titled ladies of many ranks, baronnes and baronesses, French, German, and Austrian, as the Baroness Von Ende, Baroness Frankenburg, Baroness Von Friesen; at least one princess, the Princess Salm-Salm of Prussia, and many others of high degree.

Of still higher distinction, we judge, are those who have made name and fame for themselves in literature and art. Among these we have the names of Mrs. Sara Jeanette Cotes, Miss A. M. Machar, Miss Lillian Dougall, Mrs. May Agnes Fleming, Miss M. Saunders, Miss L. Durand, Miss Joanna Wood, the ladies who veil their personalities under the names of "Kit," "Lally Bernard," and others. Mrs. Dignam represents the fine arts, and Madame Albani, Miss Clara Morris, and many others have won distinction on the stage.

It is interesting to note how widely dispersed throughout the British Empire and the world has been the influence of many of the fair daughters of Canada. Many have married into ancient English

families and dispensed a gracious hospitality in some of the stateliest manor-houses of the homeland, or occupied official positions in the great colonial dependencies. For instance, Lady Jackson, of Newfoundland, is the wife of the Governor of

guished missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was the first lady physician in China, was decorated with the order of the double dragon in recognition of her services, and now lives at Tien-Tsin, in that country.

MRS. LILLIAN MASSEY TREBLE.

Fiji, the Baroness Von Ende died in Florence, and Lady Dorchester at Genoa; Mrs. Tudor, wife of Major Tudor, of the Royal Engineers, lives at Hong Kong; another of Canada's daughters is domiciled in Persia. Dr. L. Howard King, a distin-

Through the courtesy of Mr. Morgan, we are enabled to present portraits of some of these distinguished Canadians, beginning with that gracious lady, the Princess Louise, who adopted Canada as her home, and whose lasting interest in

the Dominion endears her to all our hearts. As a painter and sculptor, Her Royal Highness was the means of having established the Royal Canadian Academy of Art. One of her works as a sculptor is the statue of her royal mother, erected in front of the Royal Victoria College, Montreal.

Mrs. W. E. Sanford, of Wesanford, Hamilton, has rendered important service to Canada at the heart of the Empire, notably so on the occasion of the death of the Canadian Premier, Sir John Thompson. Sir John had been the guest of Senator and Mrs. Sanford when his death occurred. Mrs. Sanford and daughters appear in Mr. Bell-Smith's famous painting of Queen Victoria placing a wreath on the coffin of Sir John Thompson. Mrs. Sanford has taken an active interest in the National Council of Women, and was instrumental in forming a similar council in Italy. She is "a lady of culture and dignity, whose genial and refined spirit makes the home delightful, and whose open-handed charity is a proverb in the city in which she lives." Mrs. Sanford has long dispensed a graceful hospitality; at her table we have met distinguished guests from the homeland. An act of her kindly and graceful courtesy was shown during the meeting of the General Conference in Hamilton, when the entire Conference was entertained, in sections, at dinners given in their honour. Mrs. Sanford and her daughters maintain in memory of her husband, Senator Sanford, the convalescent home, Elsinore, Burlington Beach. One of her daughters married Captain (now Major) Tudor, and resides at Hong Kong. We have a personal interest in this accomplished lady, whose portrait we present, from the fact that she was one of the most brilliant students in a large class, whom we had the pleasure of instructing in classics and mathematics, at Hamilton Ladies' College.

Mrs. Clifford Sifton was born in the city of Ottawa. She, in 1884, married Mr. Clifford Sifton, then a young lawyer, who afterwards entered politics, became Attorney-General, and subsequently acting Premier of Manitoba, and who since 1896 has been the successful Minister of the Interior and Superintendent General of Indian affairs. Mrs. Sifton, when living in Brandon, founded and presided over the W. C. T. U. in that town. She was also president of the Women's Hospital Aid Society, and of the Women's Society formed in connection with the Methodist Church. Since removing to Ottawa, she has presided over similar bodies in that city, and is warmly interested in the National Council of Women, and in Lady Minto's several generous undertakings. Mrs. Sifton is one of the most popular and highly esteemed hostesses in Ottawa.

The generous benefactions of the Massey family have made their names a household word throughout Canada. "Mrs. Massey-Treble," says Mr. Morgan, "has inherited a large share of her father's energy and ability, and her natural gifts have been perfected by the most thorough education and culture which the country could afford, completed by wide experience of the best social life and foreign travel. The heir of large estates, she has made philanthropic work the ambition of her life." Instead of sinking into a mere society woman, she devotes herself, with wise and tactful effort, to manifold schemes for the betterment and uplifting of the people. She is intimately identified with the Fred Victor Mission and Deaconess work in our city. "She speedily appreciated the fact," continues Mr. Morgan, "that if permanent good

LADY SCHULTZ.

was to be accomplished, the home-life of the masses must be improved, and for this purpose the girls must be furnished with higher ideals than could be had in their own wretched tenements. Hence came classes in domestic science connected with the mission work. These led up to wider ideas for the uplifting of the home life of the whole country, calling for teachers for our Public and High Schools, and supplying these through a Normal Training School. This led to the founding of the Lillian Massey School of Household Science and Art. Finally, the influence of her work has reached the University of Toronto, resulting in a curriculum in household science which offers the most perfect literary, scientific, and practical education for women in women's sphere of life, *i.e.*, the home, that can be found in any country. Mrs. Treble has also founded similar work in the University of Manitoba, and in several ladies' colleges." The splendid new organ installed in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, at a cost of $20,000, is the joint gift of Mrs. Massey-Treble and her brother, Mr. Chester D. Massey. It is only

one of many instances of munificent donations to the Methodist Church. Mrs. Massey gives freely, not only her money, but what is much more valuable, herself, with her thoughtful study, her remarkable executive ability in carrying out her beneficent purposes.

Lady Schultz is a noble type of Canadian womanhood. Her chief and most honourable distinction was her wifely devotion to her husband, Sir John Schultz, during the storm and stress of the Red River Rebellion of 1869-70. When he was arrested and imprisoned by Riel she made heroic endeavours for the succour and release of her husband and his compatriots, which were ultimately crowned with success. It was fitting that subsequently she should, as mistress of the Government House, Winnipeg, during her husband's regime, share the honours fittingly bestowed on that patriotic Canadian. Here she entertained the Earl and Countess of Derby, the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen. "As strict prohibitionists," says Mr. Morgan, "Sir John and Lady Schultz would not allow the use of wines or liquors at their table, either before or after they entered the Government House. Devoted to church and charitable work, Lady Schultz has taken an active interest in the Hospital Aid Society, the Children's Home, the Women's Auxiliary, and other kindred organizations, with which she was, and is, officially connected." To her husband during his prolonged invalidism, leading to his untimely death, incurred through his sufferings during the Riel Rebellion, and especially his long journey of four hundred miles through the wilderness, Lady Schultz was unwearying in her wifely devotion. She has recently erected a beautiful window to his memory in the Holy Trinity Church, Winnipeg.

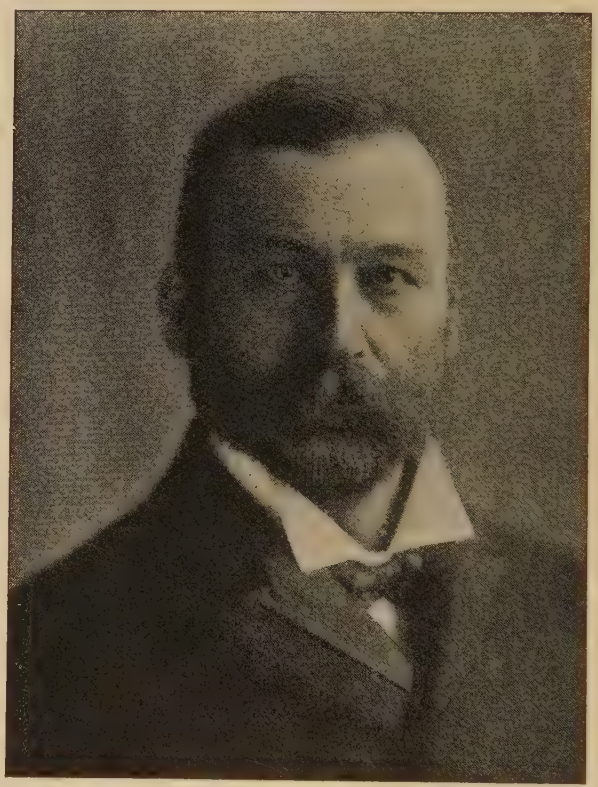
Mr. Morgan makes the following wise suggestion: "In expressing a hope that my earnest investigations, which have at least yielded a harvest from which both historian and private student may find what they seek elsewhere in vain, may to others be as beneficial as to me (in spite of drawbacks) they have been pleasant, I trust it may not be presumptuous in me to make a suggestion to those in high authority. It seems to me (and I am sure to others) that the time has come when some fitting decoration should be instituted by which the worth of the women of England's Colonial Empire might obtain timely recognition at the Fountain of Honour. To the men of the Colonies many rewards are open. Some of them have won imperial honours which the old lands envy them. Many more have received the acknowledgment especially designed for the higher services of colonists. The author would be proud, indeed, and happy, if, by the acceptance of his suggestion, his book should be associated with the honouring, not of his fellow countrywomen only, but of all the higher types of women in all the Colonies."

There is, we believe, such an order in India by which recognition is given to distinguished merit in women of both native and European birth. Why should there not be an order of the Empire in which might be enrolled the names of distinguished women of its many far-flung colonies and dependencies? It would be another link in the golden chain that binds the ends of the earth together, and would do much to foster the imperialistic unity that is making itself so widely felt.

INSIDE THE WALLS.

A SKETCH OF THE DAILY LIFE AT THE ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE, WHITBY.

BY MABEL BURKHOLDER.



REV. J. J. HARE, PH.D.,
Principal of the Ontario Ladies' College.

WHITBY—the very name recalls pleasant memories of a quiet town, enthroned like the eternal Mother of Cities upon her several hills, and guarded on every side by fruitful slopes. Near enough to Toronto to enjoy many of the educational advantages of that progressive city, and yet escape the annoyances of its busy, hurrying life, this peaceful town impresses one as being delightfully and wholesomely rural. And all the glory and pride and life of Whitby is wrapped about its justly celebrated college for young ladies. Situated a mile and a half from the shores of Lake Ontario, on one of the most commanding eminences of the town, discernible for miles around the countryside, this building is the most striking object that meets the

ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE, WHITBY.

MAIN CORRIDOR LOOKING TOWARD MAIN STAIRWAY.

visitor's eye. By day, its many-windowed walls, its towers and turrets, catch the sunlight at a thousand points; while at night the broad circle of twinkling lights makes one imagine that once more "fair Ariadne's crown out of the sky hath fallen down."

When Squire Reynolds came to Canada in the early fifties he exhibited rare good taste in selecting this exact site for his own palatial residence. The building was completed in 1859, and, from its resemblance to a certain ancient Elizabethan structure in the Old Land, was named Trafalgar Castle. Its elegant carvings, lofty ceilings, extensive drawing-rooms, halls, and stairways, its gorgeous stained windows proudly emblazoned with the coat of arms of Reynolds, still serve as a reminder of the long-departed master of Trafalgar Castle.

In accordance with ancient notions of architecture, the castle has a secret chamber, a sunless, cheerless little dungeon, where man may scarcely stand without stooping, so cleverly inserted between two floors as to be practically undiscoverable; and it has also its secret passage running across the building under the floors of the upper story. That there was a mysterious underground passage direct to the lake nearly two miles distant, was a long-cherished, but finally exploded, rumour. Squire Reynolds doubtless thought, like the character described by the Psalmist, that his name should be continued as long as the sun, but alas for the frailty of human hopes! The man who had laid out his fortune for building found that he had little left with which to maintain the princely establishment. It was not long before N. G. Reynolds, Esq., was forced to hide in his own secret chamber from his creditors.

The estate was sold to an enterprising company of gentlemen who had conceived the idea of turning

MAIN CORRIDOR LOOKING TOWARD WEST DOOR.

it into a college for the higher education of young women. Wings were added to the main building as soon as the increasing attendance made their erection expedient; first the Ryerson Halls extended from the main building leftward, and of still more recent erection is the beautiful Frances Hall, extending out for many rods to the right.

Since 1874 the institution has been under the able direction of the Rev. Dr. Hare, who has seen the work grow to such proportions as to command attention from the entire continent, for it is simply the truth to state that pupils come from California and Vancouver, from Mexico and the Bahamas, passing on their way scores of similar institutions which are using every inducement to increase their own attendance.

The small and the tall, the strong and the delicate, the self-reliant and the timid, they all arrive with many secret misgivings concerning their future life among so many strangers and so far from home. Once inside the door, the problem begins to solve itself. A teacher kindly clasps the stranger's hand and shows each her own room. The students then do their part, and many and varied are the ways of showing hospitality. They have a rule that the new pupils must stay in their own rooms on the first Friday night after their arrival, when the old students call on them in merry delegations of threes, fours, or fives. The following Friday the new girls visit the old students. It is said that the sociability which reigns during these "calls" is calculated to wear off any last traces of shyness which remain. They have a language of knocks on walls between rooms which is most perplexing to the uninitiated. The simplest of these signify, "I am alone," "Come in," "I have got a treat," etc.

At stated times the principal, or some one in authority, invites the

entire class into the concert-hall for "Oysters." The more expectant bring spoons, but it soon becomes apparent that no old girl is so armed.

studies; sometimes the young ladies take tea with their friends up town, and always the drawing-rooms are thrown open, where the students

DINING-ROOM.

"Oysters" turns out to be little lectures on deportment and what-not-to-do's, which, although wholesome, may be eaten without spoons. Friday night always brings its special features and exemption from

may learn to receive, entertain, and make their adieux in proper style.

The home-like atmosphere is very apparent everywhere. One might imagine the young ladies all members of one immense family, so pro-

minent is the feeling of genial good-will. Teachers and students are one, sitting down to the same tables, and enjoying the same social life. Each student's room, while provided with light, heat, and the necessary furniture, may be decorated to its occupant's taste, and many of the young ladies contrive to throw a great deal of character into their surroundings.

A typical room will contain a quantity of interesting pictures, snapshots from their own cameras, magazine fronts, and their favourite Gibsons and Learneds. They will

GRADUATING CLASS, 1903.

STUDENT'S ROOM.

also be adorned with tennis racquets, golf sticks, flags, and heaps of comfortable looking cushions worked in queer designs, a great favourite being the top on which is traced the names of all the students for the year. The best of all is that the mistresses of these charming apartments dispense such a lavish hospitality that no one has cause to complain of that cramped feeling which is apt to result from living in one room. The care of sick or delicate pupils is as motherly as it is skilful. A teacher makes constant rounds through the apartments, advises, and summons medical aid if necessary, while a nurse is constantly employed in the building. But, fortunately, the surroundings are so healthful, and the outdoor exercises so varied, that there are few cases of serious illness among students.

From the fact that there are ninety-eight acres of land in connection with the institution, it is not surprising that outdoor sports are a special feature of college life. Excellent opportunity for tennis, basket-ball, and croquet playing is afforded on the extensive lawn in front of the building, and some one is always kind enough to teach new students who care to learn. Twice a year Whitby Tennis Team contend for the "trophy" with the young ladies of Victoria University. The trophy is now in the possession of the Ontario Ladies' College.

All the haunts in and about the town are familiar to those who are fond of walking; while the lake shore is the scene of many a picnic, students sometimes being allowed to take their lunch along and play gipsy for the day. But of all merry revels Apple Day is said to be the gayest. In the orchard belonging to the college there ripens, when the year is good, a great variety of tempting fruit, to which, in due

STUDENT'S ROOM.

season, the students are allowed access. Apple Day comes just before the picking of the late winter varieties, and the girls one and all are let loose among the trees with permission to carry off as much booty as they can. One runs hither with a pillow-case, another darting thither in search of choicer fruit carries a laundry-bag, in another corner one sees a cloak spread upon the grass with its four knotted corners humbly doing duty as a receptacle. What care these aggressive young Amazons so long as they bear off a goodly quantity of their shiny, red-cheeked, unresisting captives?

But winter comes with its frost and cold. The orchard is a wilderness of snow; the lawns are buried in ice. But Whitby College girls laugh at winter, conquer it, and compel it to contribute to, instead of detract from, their enjoyments. Naturally the preference is given to amusements that may be carried on inside.

The musically inclined organize a musical club, the art students form an art club, the aim of which is to interest the members in the lives and works of master painters. The literary society has also a large attendance; at their first meeting is chosen the editorial staff of the "Vox," a highly amusing and entertaining little journal published monthly throughout the collegiate year, and expressing very definitely the spirit of college life. At the close of the year, the juniors give a supper to the seniors, at which toasts are given, and the class prophecy and class history are read. The annual drive and visit to the photograph gallery results in the class picture.

Each succeeding class of graduates tries to leave its distinctive mark about the building. One year saw the planting of a flourishing

pear-tree, another was marked by the setting out of several slips of Boston ivy.

On the ground floor of Frances Hall are situated two large apartments, namely, the dining-room and concert-hall. The former, which is light and cheery, is capable of containing a great many tables, each of which may seat a dozen persons. Over the head of each table a teacher presides; the young ladies serve different dishes in turn, and thus pick up, in a pleasant way, many useful points of etiquette. The doors between the dining-room and the concert-hall may be opened upon special occasions, forming a very spacious auditorium.

Let it not be inferred from the foregoing paragraphs that life at the college is a mere round of sports and amusements. It is the happy combination of work and play that produces the enviable results. All morning long the students are as busy as bees in their various departments, and again in the evening from seven until nine, the vacant halls are emptied of the laughing, chattering groups, for this is the hour when books are opened upon

THE GRAND STAIRWAY.

study tables, and when piano notes, above, below, and everywhere, prove the number of aspiring musicians.

The courses of study are very broad in their scope, and the foundation for future culture is laid firm and deep. It is just in this respect that a resident college excels a day-school. Instead of being obliged to cram a brain full of facts in view of an impending examination, these students are acquiring gradually, pleasantly and thoroughly a training that fits them for any sphere into which womanhood is likely to be called. They are not only told how things ought to be done; they do them. They are not only informed how cultured people should live; they live daily under the most refining influences. They are constantly in touch with the best people. They hear the orators and musicians of the large cities.

Above all they are constantly under a wholesome religious influence. It is superfluous to add that the Bible is taught as broadly as other branches, no attempt being made to interfere with a student's creed or denominational beliefs. Two interesting events mark Sunday; one is the sight of over one hundred young ladies walking by twos from college to church. The other is the receiving by every student of a slice of bread and butter after the regular supper, which is early on Sundays. The sight of a hundred and twenty girls scurrying away to their rooms with their prize is said to never lose its interest.

"All things must die," says Tennyson; and nothing can be more apparent than that mournful truth. College days, sharing the mortality of things earthly, must one by one glide into the misty past. Students must part, and relentless trains and boats, after their flinty manner the world over, must carry long-knitted friends to remote distances. "Nothing will die," exclaims the poet exultantly a moment later, and again, and this time gladly, we admit the force of the truism. Above all, influences cannot die. They follow us like invisible guardians to the end. And here is seen the most widespread result of the work of the Ontario Ladies' College. Can a student from some remote settlement ever go back to her former life without exerting a compelling influence in her community? Can a soul filled with the love of the beautiful live under the inspiration of the great masters, and then relapse into ignorant indifference? Can hundreds of healthy, cultured, thoughtful young women inhabit the borders of our land without raising its whole moral tone? In the near future when our Canadian literature and art shall have come into their own, a finger will point to the hoary pile that crowns the loftiest eminence of Whitby Town, and its voice will say, "Canada has no nobler mother of education than this."

BETHLEHEM.

BY MARIA ELMENDORF LILLIE.

Dark was the kingly little town;
  Dark are our human hearts, O Lord!
To Bethlehem the Child came down;
  Descend, Incarnate Word!

Filled was the city, few awake;
  Filled are our hearts and dull, O Lord!
In manger laid He for our sake;
  Make Thyself room, great God!

And Bethlehem held pilgrim feet;
  Tired with the way our hearts, O Lord!
On Mary's breast slept Babe most sweet;
  Saviour, Thy rest afford!

O star and host, shine on and sing!
  Our hearts Thy Bethlehems, Lord,
Small cities to receive the King,
  Jehovah, mighty God.

THE PLACE OF RELIGION IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

BY JOHN MILLAR, B.A.,

Deputy Minister of Education for Ontario.

THE subject of this paper has often been discussed. The question of religion in the school has many acrimonious associations. More than once in this Province it has given rise to bitter feelings. Too often it has become an important issue in political contests. In England, the subject of religious education, in view of recent legislation, has put many parts of the country in a ferment, and even aroused the spirit of Hampden. In France the question brings up the name of Jules Ferry, and the strife that arose some thirty years ago as a consequence of his administration of educational affairs. In the United States, the experience of New York in the seventies, and Wisconsin of a later date, shows the difficulty of disposing of an important matter without arousing animosities. Germany is perhaps the only great nation that has made religion—Lutheran or Roman Catholic—a part of its school programme. The experience of Germany is not, however, very encouraging. It is not too much to infer that when the science of education is better understood, there may be less difficulty in considering the question on its merits. Several religious denominations in Ontario have more than once urged the propriety of adopting the Bible as a text-book in our schools. Their purposes are good, and their proposals should be carefully considered. A clear understanding regarding the function of the school is desirable.

There is a sense in which religion can have no place in the public school without presenting very serious practical difficulties. There is, however, a sense in which religion may be given a place that will meet with general approval. As religion is something that should be observed in all the actions of life, it is hard to see how it can be excluded from the school, any more than from the farm, the shop, the office, and the legislative halls. The problem, as often discussed, is whether religion may be taught in such a way as to meet with the approval of different denominations. The pedagogical problem, which should first be solved, is whether the teacher must give religious instruction in order to make moral training effective. Unfortunately, many persons ignore the pedagogical problem, and assume that the person who instructs in grammar, and in morals, must also instruct in religion. The science of education, so far as I have read the subject, does not sustain the position that the teacher must give instruction in religion in order to train children morally. I have also failed to find that the ablest teachers, whose practical knowledge should be valuable, hold a different view.

On the question of the place of religion in the school, conflicting views are held by the general public. A few persons contend that a position of neutrality respecting religion is the only safe one to be taken where there is a mixed population. A small number of this class would not only oppose religious instruction, but expect the teacher to adopt a neutral attitude

as to the value of religion. It is not too much to say, however, that a system of secular schools, which leaves the value of religion an open question, would meet with little favour. It will certainly not satisfy those who hold that religious motives are essential to moral training. The mere abolition of religious exercises does not prevent, and cannot prevent, the reference to religion that comes up in giving effective instruction in literature, in history, and in science. To exclude religion from the school is impossible. A neutral attitude on the value of religion is practically out of the question. The so-called neutral position would be a surrender and capitulation to an element in society certainly not the most praiseworthy.

There is a second class of persons who go towards the other extreme. They believe that morality cannot be taught effectively unless lessons in religion are given by the teacher. Some go so far as to urge that instruction in the Bible, in the catechism, or in the common dogmas of all the Churches, should have a place in the programme. Opinions of this kind give rise to separate or parochial schools, as well as denominational colleges. Unanimity on the question of religious instruction is not essential to national greatness, or to educational progress. Much may be said in favour of some variety, rather than uniformity, in social, political, and educational agencies. Persons who favour private schools, as well as those who believe in separate or denominational schools, should have some freedom respecting courses of study and management of these institutions. My arguments are for those who favour undenominational education.

The Public Schools of Ontario have been established with the understanding that they will meet the requirements of the various religious denominations. Those who believe in the principles upon which they are conducted, generally hold that moral training in school requires religious sanctions, but not religious instruction. This view not only prevails in this country and in the United States, but it is steadily gaining ground in England. The growth of a spirit of union and tolerance has lessened the demand for dogmatic instruction in religion, while it has not lessened the importance that should be attached to Christianity. No denomination can claim exclusive possession of those principles that are essential to morality. Good citizens are found among both Roman Catholics and Protestants. Neither moral worth nor material prosperity is dependent on a belief in the special tenets of any one sect. Religious instruction, even when given in the schools, is no guarantee that young people will grow up free from sin and crime. Children have turned out bad through defective discipline that had every advantage from religious instruction in their homes, in the Church, and in the school. Apart from the question by whom religious instruction should be given, it can never make up for defects in the other factors that are essential to the development of character.

Intelligent people are fairly well agreed as to the leading principles of Christianity upon which morality is based. Every civilized nation has assumed in its legal enactments, and in its administration of justice, the omnipotence of God. The civil oath exacted in our courts shows the character of the national will. It recognizes that religion is a quickener of the individual conscience, and that the belief in moral responsibility is firmly established in the human heart. On these grounds, the use of religion, but not neces-

sarily religious instruction, has its place in every well-conducted public school. It is the duty of the teacher to employ, for purposes of discipline, those motives and incentives which human nature possesses as its divine attributes. The State admits religion to be the essential basis of morality, but this admission does not foster the special views of any sect. For the purposes of the school, the value of religion may be assumed, without an examination of its principles. A prominent educationalist, the late Dr. White, says, "You might as well say that we shall not use the sunlight, unless we teach the chemistry of it; that we shall not breathe air unless we analyze it in the schools, as to say that you cannot use religious sanctions unless you use the dogmatic definitions of religion."

The aim of the school is to train children to become good citizens. The advocates of religious instruction often say that the parent has an inalienable right to decide how his child shall be educated. Doubtless he has certain rights, as well as duties, regarding the religious, moral, intellectual, and physical training of his children. If the State decides to confine its efforts to what will assist the parent to train his children morally and intellectually, their religious wants must still receive the attention of the parent. His religious obligation is not removed if the State in its wisdom should regard religion as a matter that should be left to the parent or the Church. The aim of the Public School is to develop character, and religion is simply an instrument to be used for the purpose only so far as necessary. If religion were to be added to the subjects of the Public School curriculum, it is evident from its transcending importance it should receive greater recognition on the time-table than any other subject. Just as soon as the necessity of religious instruction in creeds or dogmas is admitted, the establishment of denominational schools, instead of national schools, is the logical outcome.

I believe it will be acknowledged that morality is not confined to the teaching of any one religious body, and that those who do wrong have not lived up to the doctrines of their Church. There are certain leading principles held by all denominations. The belief in a personal God, the dependence of man on his Maker, the immortality of the soul, and the accountability of every intelligent person to the Supreme Being, are recognized principles of every good kind of ethical teaching. Reverence for authority is a necessary condition of obedience to law, and this implies a reverence for and a belief in the Source of all law. Every good disciplinarian is required to assume all the essential principles of Christianity. I have never known a teacher who felt that his power in character-building was weak because he was prohibited from giving instruction in religion: indeed, the teacher in a good Church School promotes moral training exactly in the same way as the teacher in a good Public School. Will any one contend that the moral character of pupils taught in sectarian schools is superior to that of those trained in our Public Schools? The population that reaches this continent from Europe, where education is denominational, does not show more obedience to law than the people trained in our national schools. I have been told by English educationalists that the moral tone of boys in Canada is, on the average, better than in the Old Country.

After all, the efficiency of national schools, when properly supported, is the crowning evidence of the soundness of the principles upon which they have been estab-

lished. They have done much to throw down sectarian barriers; to efface unreal distinctions; to promote true democracy, and to unite in a great brotherhood children of various nationalities and creeds. As the late Colonel Parker said:

"Home is the centre; the Church makes home better; but the common school is the place where the lessons gained in both may be essentially practised. Here classes learn to respect each other; children of the rich and the poor, the intelligent and the ignorant, are fused and blended by mutual action and mutual love. The common schools present a perfect means of moral training—order, work, and play—all tending to the cultivation of true manhood."

I am assuming that religion is the basis of morality, and that religious influences have in some way or other contributed to the moral status of every well-conducted person. I am also assuming that any attempt to base moral obligation on human authority alone weakens the conscience and enfeebles the will. With these assumptions, the teacher has a strong starting-point. The children that come to our Public Schools ordinarily have received in their homes, and in the Church, some preliminary training in religious beliefs. Generally, they will continue to receive instruction from the same sources. The teacher has, therefore, the essential incentives at hand for the highest type of moral training. The school cannot be called "godless," where the teacher's duties from a pedagogical point of view are faithfully performed. The Bible may be used in the school for moral ends, although not used in the technical sense of the term. If a teacher is well qualified, he will be acquainted with the Bible as the best work on ethics. He is concerned, however, not with theories, but with practical ethics. It is not necessary for him to discuss the ultimate basis of moral distinctions, in order to teach his pupils to be obedient to their parents, to be honest and truthful, and to abstain from every kind of wrong-doing.

Religious sanctions are, however, sufficiently imperative for a teacher's purposes. Apart from the practical difficulties in the way of giving, through the teacher, religious instruction in the Public Schools, I hold that sound principles of teaching would condemn the methods of this kind which are frequently proposed. The fact is too often overlooked, that the question in dispute is one that should be discussed in the field of pedagogy, and not in that of theology or politics. Better moral training is certainly demanded in our schools. This object can be secured, not by more religious exercises, but by better teaching. Greater skill in taking up the branches already found in the curriculum will accomplish a great deal. If we have better qualified teachers, better discipline will be secured. The best teacher is the one who is the best disciplinarian. The good teacher does not need to give instruction in the common doctrines of religion, but to use religious sanctions as school incentives whenever they are warranted by the demands of sound discipline; indeed, a good teacher rarely brings to his aid the highest class of incentives. The parent does not find it prudent to use ordinary motives of a religious character in order to induce his children to do right. There is danger in associating religious influences too closely with the routine work of the school, or of the home.

"In view of these differences between religious instruction and secular instruction, and in view of the contrast between the spirit of the school and the spirit of the Church, it is clear that the school cannot successfully undertake religious instruction; in fact, experience goes to show that the school fails to achieve success when entrusted with religious instruction, and it is certain that the

Church becomes less efficient when it abates in any way the impressiveness of its ceremonial in its art and music and in its use of the language of the Bible in its ritual."—*Dr. W. T. Harris, U.S. Commissioner of Education.*

Good discipline in a school promotes morality. A pupil generally learns morality as an art, and not as a science. Doing right may become a habit. The function of school government is training pupils in habits of self-control. Self-control implies self-denial and resistance to temptation. Habits of regularity, punctuality, accuracy, courtesy and other valuable features of character are promoted by good discipline. Moral training should be mainly incidental. Ethical truths expressed in a didactic form often fail to bind the conscience of the child. A set period for moral lessons is not found in the time-table of a good teacher. Morality is no more to be taught by rote, or by means of a book, than football or swimming. Doing good is the only way to become good. A good disciplinarian will see that all the arrangements of the school make it easy for the pupils to do right. A moral, or Christian teacher or parent, if deficient in powers of discipline, will make a poor teacher of morals. A good example is not enough. The bad teacher of the subjects of the curriculum, even though a good man, is a poor teacher of morality. To train a child to act and speak rightly, he must be trained to think rightly. This implies the necessary power to be possessed by the teacher. That country is doing most to promote moral training in its schools which is doing most to provide well-trained teachers.

Unjust charges are often made against the Public School. The imputation that the school is greatly at fault is too serious to be passed over. The frequency with which crimes are committed by persons who pass through our schools is mentioned as proof that knowledge is not the blessing it has been claimed to be. It is contended that the Public Schools turn loose upon society thousands whom they have helped to make sharp rogues. Now, it should be understood that the science of education has to do with all knowledge, and that it is yet very imperfectly understood. The average ratepayer regards himself, however, as fully competent to settle the most difficult educational problems. For every evil that afflicts the community, some persons are ready with a remedy. Too often the imperfections of the school are regarded as the only source of prevailing troubles. It is a fact that no human agency is more beset by advocates of plausible nostrums than the Public Schools.

It should be at once asserted that it is very unfair to make the school a scapegoat for all the evils that are rampant in society. The school is not the only agency for promoting morality. The teacher cannot visit the homes of his pupils and counteract the bad training of those who have reached positions of parental authority without realizing its responsibility. It is not easy for him to implant principles of obedience, truthfulness, honesty, courtesy, and self-control in the minds of children who from their infancy have been furnished with examples of an opposite kind. It is too much to expect during the short time which the average child remains in school that the teacher's influence will overcome the bad associations of the streets, the vile language so often heard, the degrading effects of the saloon, and the hundred other evils that pollute society in all large cities. It is unreasonable to expect teachers to be able to stamp out evils which society itself tolerates. It is safe to say

that in spite of the alleged defects of the school, every parent who has not relegated his own duties to the Church, or to some other agency, finds the well-qualified school-teacher his most effective support.

The need of ethical training must be admitted. Morality is essential to the welfare of the State. The numerous opportunities presented to persons of sharp intelligence for the sudden acquisition of wealth, the facilities for gaining political power, and the temptations to which young men of mere shrewdness are exposed, show that if moral education is ignored in our schools, ruin will come to the State in spite of our much-valued civilization. The rapidity with which intelligent power has supplanted physical force has given the man of brains extraordinary influence among his fellows. The outlook is in many respects alarming. Every day brings its disclosures of untruthfulness, dishonesty, and corruption. Intemperance and profanity are prevalent. Defaulters and gamblers exist. Scandals in public life are not unknown. It is idle in the face of crimes brought to the public gaze by the press and the courts to deny the urgent need of training in morality. Ethical training should be given by the school, as well as by the home and the Church. Each has its duty in the matter. What, then, should be done to remedy existing conditions? Some one may ask what suggestions do I offer?

1. Better teachers. The qualifications at present exacted are not sufficient. The academic attainments should be raised. The professional course should be lengthened. A stiffer course in pedagogy should be exacted. Works in ethics should be prescribed for the Normal Schools and the Normal Colleges. Moral science should receive fully as much attention as psychology. It will be necessary, however, to expend more money if better moral results are to be obtained. The salaries of Public School teachers have in many places almost reached the starving point. Much higher remuneration for teachers is necessary. The legislative grant, and perhaps the municipal grants in townships, should no longer be apportioned on mere average attendance. The qualifications of the teachers and the expenditure made by trustees should become factors in determining the apportionments to be received. The expenditure for education should be doubled.

2. The personality of the teacher should be valued more by trustees. His university standing or his success in the passing of pupils at examinations should be deemed of minor importance, when compared with character. His influence for good outside the school should receive attention. His ability as a character-builder should be valued more than his facility in giving instruction. Parents should be more desirous of having the ethical side of their children strengthened than their intellect developed. Knowledge should not be regarded as synonymous with education. The parent should co-operate more readily with the teachers in their arduous task. A parent should get acquainted with the teacher, and regard him as a co-worker in the training of his children. The parent should be taught to feel that the moral training of his children is his own duty, rather than that of the school or the Church. Fortunate is that child whose parents and teachers are working harmoniously and intelligently for his good.

3. Children should receive more religious instruction. This religious instruction cannot always be given intelligently by the parent. The Church should make better

provision to supply the neglect of parental religious training. I do not think much can be said in favour of having systematic religious instruction given in the schools after school hours, or even by closing the schools some school day during the week. France adopted the plan of closing the schools on Thursdays for purposes of religious instruction. The result is that little, if any, religious instruction is given in many places to the children on Sunday. The importance of the Sabbath day should be heightened. The most valuable religious instruction will doubtless be given in the Sunday-school; but the time is too short. Why not have the sermons in our churches in the mornings on Sunday mainly for the children? Parents would then be encouraged to bring their children to church. There is too little expended by churches for the youth. Why should not the greatest efforts be employed in behalf of the children? I have reason to believe that this view of the question is taken by many clergymen at the present day. He is a poor parent that would not rather pay for religious instruction for his children than for himself.

CHRISTMAS.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

How many times, since o'er Judea's plains
The angels' anthem sounded full and clear,
The voice of song and music's sweetest strains
Have told the story to our hearts so dear.

Yet may not one more voice, though weak and small,
Join in the chorus grand sent up to heaven,
Telling again the glad, good news for all,
How God unto the world His Son hath given?

Cycles have rolled since the first Christmas Day,
When from His Father's house the Son came down
To share our sorrows, take our sins away,
And make Himself, for us, of no renown.

But time can never age this story sweet;
Clearer and yet more clear its tones will ring,
Till the whole earth shall worship at His feet,
Jesus, Immanuel, our Lord and King.

Then, as we celebrate His birth once more,
Sing, ye who love His name, the angels' song;
Peace and good-will to men the wide world o'er—
To God in heaven: the glory shall belong.
Toronto.

In the pure soul, although it sing or pray,
The Christ is born anew from day to day;
The life that knoweth Him shall bide apart
And keep eternal Christmas in the heart.

REST AND FATIGUE.

BY G. STANLEY HALL,

President of Clark University.

FATIGUE is one of the greatest enemies of the human race. Modern physiology shows that it is the cause of nearly half, and perhaps more, of the several hundred catalogued diseases that prey upon man. In our age, with its high pressure, its hot and bitter competition, and the unrelenting struggle for survival, its moral and physical ravages are steadily increasing. Cities, in which an ever larger proportion of our people dwell, are biological hothouses, and, for some, furnaces, forcing development prematurely, and encouraging late hours and excitement and consuming nerve and brain.

Hardly twenty-five years have passed since the brilliant and lamented Dr. George M. Beard devised the term neurasthenia for the many forms of nerve-tire and brain-fag that are particularly the product of overwork. Indeed, many think that America is the classic land for the fatigue diseases, both light and grave. Some take the pessimistic view that our national constitution is weakening, less able to bear the strains put upon it, or in all these centuries not yet entirely adapted to the climatic and other conditions of the new continent. Perhaps our forefathers who settled New England, worked too hard in clearing the land, digging out the stones and building the hundreds of miles of stone walls that surround the farms and partition the fields, and wringing out a hard living for their large families from the reluctant soil. Perhaps the decay of old families and the abandoned farms are due to the exhaustion of the stock that so overdrew its energies in these ways for generations.

Perhaps the best beginning is to call attention to the brilliant methods of experimentation that show the effect of fatigue upon brain cells. It is well known that the cells of the brains of almost all creatures, from the honey-bee up, are very similar when taken singly in their form, structure, and laws, and differ mainly in their number and in the way in which they are organized together, so that it is pretty safe to reason from the nerve cells of animals—even those of low degree—to those of man. If a few bees and pigeons are killed in the morning when they are fresh, and their brains placed under a microscope, the cells are found to be comparatively clear, the nucleus is rounded out, the little cavities or vacuoles about it filled up with nutritive store, and the waste products of decomposition, which fatigue causes, washed out by the blood. If a few of these animals, or even dogs or sparrows, are killed after a long, hard day's work, their brain cells present a very different aspect. They are ragged, shrunken, and have started on the downward road, which if long enough continued, will end in chronic exhaustion and death by the fatigue diseases, some of which are slow, and some of which, like paralysis, are due to sudden collapse. Normal sleep winds up these cells again and restores them to their best condition, and thus the daily rhythm alternates. The danger is that repair at night will not balance the loss

of the day's work, and then there is slow deterioration for days, weeks, and perhaps months and years, toward settled invalidism.

We now turn to the outer and subjective effects of fatigue as shown and felt as the result of brain work. Here again we have a mass of interesting experiments, from which we can only strive to select a few of the most typical illustrations, which have an immediate, practical value. For the last ten years or more many persons have been systematically tested in laboratories under strict conditions in counting letters and figures, adding the latter, writing at dictation, reading aloud, memorizing syllables, and so forth. All these tests show that the first result of active effort is increased rapidity and intensity of effort. The second five minutes the mind often acts with greater efficiency, and the muscles with greater power than at first. This, there is reason to think, is accompanied by a slight swelling of the cells and an increase of blood in the brain. After a while, this stage of augmented energy declines and work begins to be slower or feebler or less accurate. This curve of decline differs very widely in different individuals. Some begin to show slight traces of exhaustion almost from the first, whereas others maintain their level of energy for a long time. The decline is almost always very slow at first, and then more and more rapid. We see this in a very characteristic way by a simple experiment.

The subject has simply, with the supported arm, to lift with the finger a weight tied to a string and going over a pulley. He must lift the weight as high as he can by a simple contraction and then let it back again at every click of a slow pendulum. The height to which he lifts it each time is written by a single straight mark recorded on a drum slowly rotating in a horizontal plane. In the above each upright mark is a single lift of the weight. At first the height slightly increases, and slowly fatigue appears in the diminished height to which it is lifted, until at length a point is reached at which, with the greatest effort of the will, it cannot be lifted at all, so fatigued and exhausted are the cells of the brain, medulla or spinal cord supposed to be. This is a kind of temporary functional paralysis, but if we keep on trying to bend the finger at every tick a strange phenomenon appears—the power begins to come back and may rise to a considerable height. This so-called re-enforcement is perhaps due to rest of the cells originally worked, and perhaps to the aid of other neighbouring cells that are slowly roused to action and shunted in. The re-enforcement is rarely as high as the original pull-up, and its effects are gradually lost. If our efforts persist, sometimes a second and perhaps even a third re-enforcement is seen.

This kind of curve is the best picture we have of the way in which the influences that exhaust and those that repair the will centres act and react upon each other. If the effort were less—e.g., if we were only lifting half a brick—the decline would appear much later. Tests like these must always be made by means of an effort so intense that it cannot be very long maintained at its maximum by any one. Probably the brain, thought, volition, voluntary attention, etc., follow somewhat the same curve as is here represented, and if we could subject the brain cells here involved to the microscope while they were acting, which is of course impossible, we shall see the slow changes in those cells from the rested to the fatigued state as pictured above—a half-hour's rest restoring them to their normal func-

tion in this case as a night's sleep winds up all the cells of the brain which the day has worked.

We have another interesting picture of how fatigue works functionally in the continuous and monotonous adding of figures. At first and for a brief season both the rate and accuracy of the process are maintained and sometimes augmented, but the progressive fatigue of the tension is soon apparent, and shows itself subjectively by difficulty of focusing the mind sharply upon the work in hand, and objectively by a steady increase of the time required to add a long column, and also by an increase in the number of mistakes.

From all the studies upon this subject, two things are plain. First, there is a normal fatigue which for health of body or mind ought to be attained. Very many suffer from want of sufficient work for brain or muscles to make them healthfully tired. It is as if the powers of building up and recuperation, like everything else, needed to be exercised by practice in order to be kept strong and healthful. One of the arts of life, which makes self-knowledge so desirable, is for each person to determine what average amount of daily effort is necessary to produce the greatest amount of good sleep.

The other conclusion is that beyond this point of fatigue lie many grave dangers. To force the mind to work when its edge is gone is very exhausting. Again, a chronic tired state is hard on the temper, as well-rested people are cheerful and exuberant, and those who overwork themselves are either irritable, low-spirited or both. To make school children work when their tender minds are overdrawn is to cultivate directly ill-temper and morose dispositions. Again, it tends to give them a slow, dawdling pace of work, and low ideas and habits of accuracy, and, not least, there is no surer way of killing interest in a subject than to force it upon exhausted pupils. Finally, another point of great practical importance is that for young children in kindergarten and primary grades, the period of intensive work should be but for a few minutes at a time without a change, and these periods should increase with age. For the very young, school lunches have a wonderful effect in overcoming fatigue and clearing up both the mood and the mind.

In fine, I hardly know who are most to be pitied, the rich or idle and lazy who underwork, or the very poor who must overwork to live. The former grow flabby or tense, according to their heredity in both muscle and mind, become fastidious, finnicky and sentimental, are especially prone to yield to temptations of drink and of sex excesses, must aimlessly change their interests, location, and pursuits from sheer *ennui;* are easily bored, and finally lose the power of being strenuous about anything. The effects of an inactive life upon the offspring are sometimes sadly and markedly degenerate.

The overworked, especially if young, are prone to many forms of arrest. Children are undergrown in both height and weight; they are robbed of the paradise of leisure, which is the literal translation of the Greek word school. The high ideals and ambitions normal to adolescence fade into a dull state of apathy and discouragement, and worst, of smouldering revolt against the existing order of things. To be always tired is miserable, and invidual or social misery is a powder-magazine liable to explode at any time.

Man is endowed with a fatigue sense that tells him when he is tired. It seems to be a specific feeling, due perhaps to accumulated products of

decomposition in the muscles. This pain-tire is a warning to stop or let up. It is, however, possible to press on in defiance of it, and if we persist in so doing there comes a point when this fatigue sense is itself fatigued and tired out, and ceases to act. This is when runners get their second breath; when those beginning night-work have fought through the period of sleepiness that comes when they have been wont to go to bed, and feel very wide awake and alert as if they could go on for ever. But the day of reckoning comes. They are now living on their capital, which is being rapidly overdrawn.

Some may be interested to know that there is now almost a new kind of philosophy of fatigue. Some speculators think man became conscious because his intuitions were slowed up by exhaustion, so that the mind has to pick its way slowly and logically instead of divining instantly as it used to do. It was the fall of man. Wilder dreamers have even described the origin of cosmic gas and nebulæ, from which all the worlds come, as due to progressive fatigue of the ether, which is far more subtle and back of it. It is a little as if they were attempting to rewrite the first phrases of the Old Testament so that it should read, "In the beginning was fatigue."

I have said that fatigue is a factor in many diseases. It predisposes to the outbreak of hereditary troubles which rest tends to repress. Now, pleasure and pain are the two poles of life, which when sane is well poised between depression and exaltation, which may be intensified to melancholia and mania. Perhaps the latter is more often the cause and the former the effect of fatigue, but however that be, rest and nutrition work remarkable cures even in hereditary acute melancholy.

As a psychologist, I believe in the Sabbath day. One day in seven should be kept holy from work and sacred to man's primitive paradise of leisure. I am no Puritan pietist or even Sabbatarian in any severe sense, but hold that this is one of the greatest of all human institutions, and that the command to keep it as a day of rest is written in our physiological constitutions. If need be, it may be kept in sleep, man's great restorer. Monday our nerves and brain must be refreshed, and we must start a new weekly rhythm on a higher plane than we closed the old one. The mental scenery must be changed. The brooder's overthought must have enlarged our plans and given us both momentum and direction. What form the rest-cure should take differs perhaps for each person. I go to church, but my neighbour should perhaps spend the day in the fields, with children, in music, in books, but for all there should be peace, tranquillity, repose, surcease of worry, and relaxation. In no land should the Sabbath be so hallowed as in this land of hustle, tension, and Americanitis.

The problem of rest is no less complete than that of fatigue. Under some conditions it is the muscles which are first exhausted, the brain and nerve cells remaining relatively fresh; while the nerve fibres themselves, the function of which is to conduct impressions, recent experiments show to be hardly more subject to fatigue than an electric wire. The worst, and no doubt most common, type of fatigue is nerve-fag, and this is easiest caused by care, worry, anxiety, or by doing work for which there is no zest, but rather repugnance or, at least, indifference. Hence, it follows that to turn on interest cures exhaustion and converts work into play. A farmer wished some large piles of small stones thrown into a ditch a few rods away. It was late in the afternoon, and he knew his boys would plead fatigue, so he pretended to find a big nest of snakes in the

water and began to stone them himself with great eagerness. The boys joined in the sport, and the work was done before the end of the hour with actual refreshment, because the play-instinct was a relay. So the problem of overpressure in school. of which we hear so much, would not only vanish, but children can do much more work than is required and without harm under teachers who have the art of inciting interest. The fatigue of forced work is very real, but there are two ways of increasing a fraction. One is by lessening its denominator and the other by increasing its numerator; so to augment interest is a form of rest.

Change of work is often real rest. Every one ought to have an avocation as well as a vocation, and cultivate an amateur interest in some form of exercise, game or culture very remote from his line of bread-winning activity. Perhaps no tire is so acute as that which is very partial and involves certain muscles, movements, and brain centres, leaving others perhaps overrested. By exercising the latter, and, as it were, equalizing the area of fatigue or making it more symmetrically distributed, many of the best effects of rest are secured. Many of even the diseases of exhaustion are because energy of one part of our psychophysic organism is overdrawn, while that of other parts is overrested. This may make even sleep partial and haunted by the spectres of the night. Every one who works with his muscles should carefully reserve some fraction of the day for reading and intellectual work. We are prone to forget that this is just as important as for literary men to take exercise. It is really amazing what one can do with only a fragment of a day and of their total strength if it is systematically used in one direction. Those who seek recreation in mere amusements of a frivolous nature are wasting precious time and capacity.

Again, pleasurable, emotional excitement is a great relaxor. Every kind of work is liable to leave the muscles and nerves tense and overdrawn. We often see muscle *tonus* corrugating the brow, rigidifying the face or attitudes, and showing that innervation impulses continue to flow out from the nerve centres after toil is over. Americans lack the very words *gemuth* and *esprit,* and it is very hard for us to entirely forget the struggle for existence in social intercourse. The careful studies of Partridge and others show that the desire for this kind of unbending is one of the chief causes that lead Americans to drink, because they have lost the power to feel the normal exhilaration which inebriation stimulates. Instinct points to this as a great boon, and so it is sought over cups and glasses in the conviviality that comes from artificial stimulation. A little more rollicking jollity, with jest and quip with congenial friends, the tale, the song, perhaps the quiet harmless game that does not overtax the system—of all this we have too little in our stern American life with its tendencies to overtonicity and cramps of will and attention.

Again, a word about the philosophy of laughter. When the system is nerved and is making conscious or unconscious effort, the nerves that tighten the walls of the bloodvessels are hard at work, and pressure in the arteries is great; but a hearty laugh, as Bruck's interesting experiments show, tends to bring the blood over into the veins where there is no pressure, relieves the arteries and brings the exquisite sensations of relaxation and rest. This is favoured even by the attitude of a hearty laugh. To draw in a full breath, throw back the head, open the mouth and let the expiration "gurgle forth with sonorous inter-

mittence," to quote a phrase from "The Philosophy of Laughter," and to do it again and again, slowly throws off the chains of the world's great taskmaster and brings us back, back toward the primeval paradise, where there was nothing but joy, and sin and sorrow were unknown.

Once more, optimism is one of the supreme sedatives. There are men who worry because the sun will some time go out and the earth grow dead and cold like the moon; or the coal measures be exhausted; or the fertile areas of the world dry up because of the denudation of forests, but the philosophy of health is that the best things have not happened, that man's history has only just begun, that, on the whole, there has been steady progress, that in virtue, comfort, knowledge, arts, religion, and nearly, if not quite, all the essentials of the further development of man, faith in human nature and belief in a future better than the present is the conclusion of every philosophy of development and evolution. It is our good fortune to live in a day of the evolution of evolution, and this is giving a new meaning to the very word progress and makes us feel that the world is rational and beneficent to the core, and that where conscious purpose and effort fail we sink back into everlasting arms. This is a sanifying point of view authorized now by both science and religion, and is a good psychic state to sleep on or in which to enter the great rest.

The idea of the Kingdom of God is not yet realized. It makes the optimistic assumption that the human race as a whole is ascendent, not decadent, and that society is in the making, not moribund. Again it is not content with the less discouraging philosophy of history that assumes that everything good and great that can happen or be done in the world of man has already occurred, that Eden has bloomed and faded, and if it come again, will only because history eternally repeats itself; that history is made up of cycles in the sense of either Plato or Herder; that periods of great reform and advance can never present anything of importance that is new, but only undergo a palingenesis indefinitely repeated. Lotze says that we must not envy our more fortunate descendants in the future, but only serve them, for God loves man at all stages alike. Weiss interprets the Kingdom as meaning a worthy close of the historic stadia, perhaps *sub specie aeternitatis;* that the personality of man is God's greatest work; that we should rejoice that others, who come after, can stand upon our shoulders, and that no ultimate good is lost for the early workers in the historic field, to which we should subordinate ourselves as we love to do for our children.—*Ainslee's Magazine.*

CHRISTMAS.

The silent skies are full of speech
For who hath ears to hear;
The winds are whispering each to each,
The moon is calling to the beach,
And stars their sacred wisdom teach
Of faith and love and fear.

But once the sky the silence broke,
And song o'erflowed the earth;
The midnight air with glory shook,
And angels mortal language spoke,
When God our human nature took,
In Christ the Saviour's birth.

And Christmas once is Christmas still;
The gates through which He came;
And forests wild and murmuring rill,
And fruitful field and breezy hill,
And all that else the wide world fill
Are vocal with his name.

Shall we not listen while they sing
This latest Christmas morn,
And music hear in everything,
And faithful lives in tribute bring,
To the great song which greets the King,
Who comes when Christ is born?

—*Phillips Brooks.*

A CHARLATAN ELIJAH.

ZION
LAW of GOD
One thing is certain, that the King is coming, and, coming as He does to reign, the present Commercial, the Political, the Educational and the Ecclesiastical organizations must pass away. He will have none of them. . . . The people cannot rule where God rules. Tyrants cannot rule where God rules. Apostate churches and false priests cannot rule where God rules. Where God rules, Love reigns: Life and Light reign, and Liberty is the possession of all whom God makes free.
I stand here and say, and I care not what the consequences of saying it may be, that the time has come for men everywhere to recognize the failure of every form of human government, of every attempt of man to rule man, either by hereditary statecraft, priestcraft, or any other craft. . . . Hence my Mission is to show you that the Elijah must be the Restorer of All Things, and that which is to be first Restored is the Rule of the Law of God
—The Voice of Elijah the Restorer in Chicago Auditorium, Lord's Day Afternoon May 17 1903

ELIJAH THE RESTORER FORETELLS THE OVERTHROW OF HUMAN GOVERNMENT BY THEOCRATIC PRINCIPLES.

A typical cartoon printed in "Leaves of Healing."

HE history of popular delusion and fanaticism has some strange chapters, but few are more strange than that of the extraordinary career of John Alexander Dowie, the self-styled Elijah II. The recent pilgrimage of Dowie and three thousand of his followers, at a cost of $250,000 to New York City, for the purpose of preaching, like a new Jonah, a message of repentance to its polyglot people, has brought him prominently before the notice of the continent. The man is a strange combination of often contradictory elements. Even the Bohemian reporters whom he denounces with such vituperation feel the fascination of the man, and admit his rude magnetic eloquence. We heard him preach some years ago to an audience of some five thousand in Chicago Auditorium, and were profoundly impressed with his evangelical earnestness; but that was before he combined his blasphemous pretensions with his shrewd money-making tactics. He is a product of this sensation-loving age. It is to the press which he so denounces that he owes most of his popularity. He distributes broadcast throughout the world his "Leaves of Healing," which advertise his preposterous claims. They are found in the reading-room of nearly every hotel in Europe. His very clap-trap per-

formances are designed to catch the ears of the groundlings, but while they provoke the mirth of the foolish, they make the judicious grieve. The New York papers are filled with broadsides of report and pictures of his mission. The Independent presents the following estimate:

"We do not agree with those who declare that Dowie is a wilful hypocrite, playing the part of a prophet to deceive people and gobble their wealth. There has been a gradual growth in his preposterous self-delusion. He told people that they would get well by his prayers, and they did get well, and he felt that he had a peculiar divine power. That made him speak with more and more authority. He confused his own self-assertion with the commands of God. His success developed his delusion. His conceit deceived himself while it deceived others. Then he grew arrogant, dictatorial, almost blasphemous. His was a 'strong delusion,' which led him to 'believe a lie,' the supreme lie being that he was the promised 'Restorer,' the new 'Elijah,' the prophesied one who should establish Zion on earth and usher in the victorious kingdom of God. Of that kingdom he is the present viceroy. By an extraordinary combination of worldliness with piety, not wholly unexampled, he has gathered the wealth of his theocracy into institutions owned by himself, because it was necessary that they should be controlled by the vicegerent of the Most High.

"It is his glory that he preaches the strictest morality. There is not a sterner, a bolder preacher of morals in the American pulpit. He minces no words. He talks plainly of sins which other preachers are silent about. And he lengthens the catalogue, and expands the Decalogue. Alcohol and tobacco and oysters and swine's flesh and physicians' drugs and secret societies are equally forbidden to his people; they are all filthy works of the devil."

The following account of the arch-charlatan by J. K. Friedman, in Everybody's Magazine, will be read with interest:

There is probably no business house in the States quicker to adopt modern time-and-money-saving inventions than the Christian Catholic Church. The things rendered unto Elijah the Second are shrewdly invested by Elijah the Restorer for the benefit of John Alexander Dowie. The man is shockingly human for a prophet.

His house in Zion City, built in the English style of architecture, is lavishly furnished; there is a stable full of costly equipages; a summer house across the lake is maintained in great luxury. Indeed the man's vanity and love of ostentation find an outlet in innumerable forms of gaudy and expensive display. By way of justification he is said to have once remarked that the Pope of the Roman Church is surrounded by the best that earth affords, and that there is no reason why the Overseer of the Christian Catholic Church should be left a whit behind.

The tastes of this rarely organized being are nice to daintiness; the smell of liquor and tobacco, the taste of pork, are abhorrent to him, and doubtlessly had much to do with religious pronunciamento against the use of these in any shape and form. His private life has been in accordance with the strictest and most conventional moral laws.

One of the prime sources of Dowie's power over his people would seem to lie in his command of terms of abuse and opprobrium. When the mood of denunciation is on him, he pours forth such a volume of coarse epithets and virulent up-

braiding that the boldest of his opponents wilts before him. Yet, withal, one is told of the Restorer's physical cowardice hid under an air of bravado, of his fear of the lightning and thunder and the elements in fury. Constantly near him is a body-guard of strong men, and he maintains a vigilant secret service department. Beyond this he is careful to surround himself with a red tape befitting his importance, and interviews—of which he would seem chary—are granted only by special appointment.

But it matters little how those who dwell beyond the gates of Zion City may judge Dowie, nor in what scales they weigh and find him lacking; the glory and grandeur of the Restorer still remains undiminished to his disciples, his elders, his white-robed choir, the thousands and thousands of members of his Restoration Host, and his countless followers. His strength has been tried by every test, and it stands as firm as a rock. Three years ago a national bank through which Dowie cleared decided to throw his account out; bankruptcy was predicted by the press, but the Bank of Zion was as little affected as if only a paltry dollar had been withdrawn from its deposits.

Shortly after the dedication of the Tabernacle in Zion City, when immense expenditures must have drained the resources of the prophet, his credit was assailed, rumours of failure were again rife, and creditors flocked around Elijah's mantle to be cured of their financial woes with a zeal that outdid those who came to have their physical torments relieved; but all retired satisfied, and to-day there is scarce a merchant in Chicago who will refuse Dowie whatever accommodation he requires.

Dowie's faith in Dowie is all-abiding and all-sufficient. It is undoubtedly the clue to his almost unexampled success. It is easy to dismiss such a character, with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders, as a hypocrite and a charlatan, but vituperation explains nothing, and hypocrisy, save in its crudest and crassest forms, is too complex to be blown aside with a phrase. The vogue of the man alone, the belief of others in him, would inspire his own faith in himself, and again he scarcely could have inspired that unquestioning faith in others unless he believed in himself. Robert Browning's "Mr. Sludge the Medium" is a searching analysis of perhaps a kindred psychology. Dowie's career explains much of him, and a legitimate and common-sense deduction explains still more.

John Alexander Dowie was born in Edinburgh. He left Scotland for Adelaide, South Australia, when he was thirteen, and he clerked in that boom town for seven years. If he did anything in those days that brought him into prominence, it has escaped the records; but what he did do was to train himself in business methods (being a Scotchman he had no more to be forced into it than a duck into water), and to prepare himself for the ministry. To-day he has given such a positive demonstration of his genius for business that no one can doubt his abilities; and one may ask those who charge him with a barefaced and impudent hypocrisy why he left commerce for theology unless his whole nature had a strong leaning toward religion.

One night, in Melbourne, there swept over his consciousness like an inspiration the full force of the sixteenth chapter of St. Mark—"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved. . . . In my name shall they cast out devils. . . . They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover." His imagination

was fired with the idea that he was the prophet foretold by Malachi, and on this inspiration he founded what is supposititiously new in his creed and built the foundation of his really immense fortune. He laid hands on his wife's head, prayed and cured her of headache, and then, as a wit will have it, he proceeded to lay hands on everybody and everything else. Those who know Dowie say that from early life he "had visions" and that he manifested all those symptoms which the alienist would put under the general head of "religious hysteria."

His wife and others cured, and the legions of the faithful increasing by virtue of these proofs of miraculous powers, Dowie at once started to form the Divine Healing Association, which developed later on into the larger organization of the International Divine Healing Association, with John Alexander Dowie, quite as a matter of course, for its president.

The next step in the career of the prophet was his project to found a great healing centre in London, and to spread the faith from there around the world. He travelled on to San Francisco, preaching everywhere along the coast, and reached Chicago by easy stages. It was the year of the World's Fair, which brought its swarms of heterogeneous visitors to the city. It seemed as though the mountains had come to Mohammed, and the canny Scotchman was far from letting the golden opportunity slip. The White City did no more for the fortunes of any man than for John Alexander Dowie's. And while the "Doctor," whose energies run far up in the horse-powers, worked, preached, and cured eighteen hours of the twenty-four, his corps of well-trained missionaries, his deacons, and his disciples were forced to follow at the pace their master set. The printing-office worked overtime to turn out the divine "Leaves of Healing," which is Elijah's official organ, devoted to the prophet's doings and his sayings, accounts of his miraculous cures, with the photographs and the testimonials of those cured. No patent medicine has ever been better advertised, to quote the wit that I have quoted before, than "Dowie's Handy Remedy for All Diseases."*

Before long the residents of that Woodlawn district complained to the authorities about the hordes of the lame and the halt and the sick and the blind with which the divine healer inflicted the neighbourhood. This was the signal for the press of Chicago to launch out a series of bitter attacks, and in the year 1895 Dowie was arrested something like one hundred times for violating municipal ordinances for the care of the ill. All these prosecutions cost him $20,000 for fines and fees, but the newspaper advertising was worth the money. It enabled him to put his wares before the public regularly every Monday morning at a cost infinitely below department store rates for the same space. Besides, it pushed the crown of martyrdom down on his brow and touched the sympathies of his followers to the quick. When the legion of the faithful increased to an army, and his present quarters became too cramped for the dissemination of his faith, Dowie decided to move.

There was a woman in that Woodlawn district (just to show you how converts to Dowieism are made)

* One woman testified, "With God nothing is impossible. In answer to prayer I learned to read my German Bible." Here is the Meisterschaft system left far behind in the matter of speed, and one may presume that a School of Languages will be the next addition to the enterprises of Zion City.

whose hatred for the prophets and his methods knew no bounds; but still when a member of her family lay at death's door, given up by regular physicians, she sent for this erstwhile "quack," "monster," to lay on hands and offer up prayer. The patient was not saved, but his reputation as a consulting doctor of divinity did not suffer. Of all such aspects of human nature Dowie is a keen judge, and when fear, desperation, or superstition, push the bravest of us to extremes of a mental cowardice, the prophet is there with Zion's banner of hope.

From Woodlawn, Elijah the Second moved his abode northward to Michigan Avenue and Sixteenth Street, rented the commodious St. Paul's Church, then degenerated into the base uses of a storehouse, and from this tabernacle as a centre, Dowie's institutions spread on both sides of the boulevard for six blocks. There was the Zion Press, the Zion Bank, Zion College, Zion Schools, Zion Homes, and the huge Imperial Hotel on Park Row was finally absorbed for a divine hospice of healing. It was Zion Avenue as effectually as if it had been so named.

The prophet had outgrown the International Association, so he discarded the scaffolding by which he had mounted to the clouds, and with proper flourish of trumpets announced the founding of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion, with himself as the General Overseer of everything that appertained to its spiritual, temporal, or financial welfare. He was now the absolute master of all its properties, the sole owner of all of it in fact if not in theory, and he is to-day. The Zion Bank, for instance, is a private institution, owned by the Overseer, its stock consisting of personal notes signed by Dowie and guaranteeing interest to the holder thereof; and the bank is typical of all the Zion industries from start to finish, from souls, if I may so put it, to shoes. In the Overseer's business genius Dowie's flock has just as implicit faith as in his religious prophecies—indeed religion and business, business and religion, are one and inseparable in Zion.

Meanwhile St. Paul's Church grew too small for the expanding faith, and one fine day Dowie surprised Chicago by calmly stating that he had rented the monster hall of the Auditorium for his Sunday services. Chicago was still more surprised when the Overseer filled the place to overflowing weekly.

However, the Overseer of the Christian Catholic Church with characteristic canniness recognized that it would be unwise longer to defy a public opinion being intensified against him as the days went on, by the more energetic action of the health authorities; and, besides, he was just at the turning-point where he was likely to get the wrong end of free newspaper publicity. So the Zion City Land and Investment was incorporated—John Alexander at the head of it, to be sure—and his agents purchased 6,000 acres of land, forty-two miles north of Chicago, on the shores of Lake Michigan. The cost of the property is estimated at a million and a quarter, but the Overseer raised that on his personal notes without seeming difficulty, and the whole deal went through with a rush and a quiet that must compel admiration as a bit of up-to-date promoting. It is characteristic of the Restorer's business instincts that he proposes to dispose of this land in small lots on long leases for fifteen times its original cost.

Zion City itself is plain and unassuming enough; its newness and its crudities remind one of the boom towns of our more Western prairies. Instead of the saloons and the

dance-halls and the theatres, however, there are the Tabernacle and the Hospice, for in Zion all worldly amusements are forbidden; and instead of the rougher and more ready Westerner there are the eight thousand mild-eyed, peaceful, meek-looking followers of the latter-day Messiah. In a word Zion City may be described as a purely religious town, run on a co-operative basis—the co-operation ceasing, to the eyes of the vulgar and the uninitiated, when the funds get to John Alexander Dowie. Each member of Zion pays a tithe of his income to the prophet, for Elijah levies no charge for his prayers and his cures, and all offerings must come by the free will of the donors—a system of finance that has the prosperity of its originator to recommend it to institutions avowedly secular.

Perhaps Dowie's pet child among the infant industries of Zion City is the lace factory, and on its mature growth he builds the highest hopes of the commercial supremacy of his religious centre; the manner in which the infant was persuaded to enter the folds of Zion may serve as a final example of the Prophet's business astuteness and his magnetic influence over the minds of men. Some years ago a Nottingham lace manufacturer by the name of Stevenson, who practised in his own household the cure of disease by prayer and the laying on of hands, opened a correspondence with the Overseer, intermingling bits about his private business with more intimate and protracted revelations of his faith. Elijah, so goes the tale, wrote voluminous replies and started in to investigate what the probable profits of making English lace would average in an American fiscal year. A heavy duty built an unwelcome barrier against foreign laces, and there was not one inch of the stuff manufactured here at home—so much is Uncle Sam willing to do for the strong of faith and so easily might he undo—but with that, being absolutely impartial, I have nothing to do at all! Well, Dowie finally induced Stevenson to pay him a visit in America, and the result of that visit was that Stevenson married Dowie's sister, and that Elijah and his mundane brother-in-law imported machinery and skilled hands from England and invested $440,000 in the enterprise. When Stevenson's wife died the partners had a misunderstanding; the case was dragged into court, and the Restorer finally settled the difficulty by the payment of $175,000. As to the merits of the controversy, Stevenson's brother sided with Dowie against his own flesh and blood in nine out of the ten points at issue, and this very day, his faith in the Overseer untarnished, he is striving with might and main to make the venture successful.

Dowie's methods of propagating his creed exhibit marked generalship. Besides the great gatherings in the Madison Square Garden, his missioners have been holding eighteen hundred open-air meetings in half a score of languages. The picturesque uniform of the Zion Guards and the thunderous music of its band of sixty pieces, with the rattle of thirty drummers, all arrest attention. He declares his purpose to go round the world in his new crusade at a cost running up into millions of dollars.

The press reports that on October 26th, with broken voice and streaming tears, he announced to an audience of ten thousand persons that he was not the son of his reputed father, but of a British army officer who abandoned his wife. He proceeded to overwhelm with vituperation the man who subsequently married his mother and gave him

the name which he bears and what education he possesses.

The venerable old man declares that the pseudo-prophet's tale is utterly untrue, that he is the very son of the man whom he maligns.

To repress the disorder which he provoked, some seven hundred policemen were secured, but Dowie found his stormy tactics unavailing, and his crusade soon came to an ignominious end.

Dowie's crusade in New York seems to have been an utter failure.

"Up to the time of this writing," says The Literary Digest, "not a convert has been announced as having been brought into the Dowie fold, not a sick person has been reported as healed. On several occasions, after hearing Dowie for a few minutes, a large part of the audience has left the great auditorium, followed by the angry rebukes of the 'Overseer of Zion.' The New York papers have declared their unwillingness to print some of his epithets. He has referred to the clergymen, the reporters, and his departing auditors as 'curs,' 'yellow dogs,' 'razorback swine,' 'tramps,' 'miserable mosquitoes,' 'anarchists,' 'rats,' and other zoological, sociological, and entomological specimens. Other and coarser words were also used. The auditors have received these outpourings with concerted coughing, shuffling of feet, college yells, or by leaving the hall, while some of the reporters and of the clergy have repaid him in their own way."

"The bursts of simulated rage at the newspapers and the clergy," says The American, "are by way of advertisement. He is aware that the expectation of hearing him revile eminent persons and belch squalid vituperation at the press will draw crowds. The kind of notice that he gets from the newspapers, of which he affects to complain, is precisely the kind of notice he desires and fishes for."

In one of his recent meetings at New York, Dowie declared as follows:

"For many years I have held the political power in Chicago, and I control over 50,000 votes there. Whatever way I say the election shall go, it goes, and I shall have the same power here some day. Fifty thousand votes would control the situation here if I had them, and in five years I will control that number in this city."

If Mr. Dowie controls the political power in Chicago, its moral status does not do him much credit.

Mr. Dowie is a man of intense egotism. One aspect of this is his passion for being photographed. He claims to have had the largest photograph of himself ever made of any human being.

The papers refer satirically to his vulgar ostentation, riding around behind a $3,000 horse with all the nonchalance of a Chicago pork-packer. His mission to New York is described by The Independent as the Higher Fakirism. He is bracketed with Brigham Young and Mrs. Eddy, and contrasted with Moody and Wesley, and the Salvation Army. Moody gained the hearts of the Edinburgh students by his tact and courtesy; Wesley was hailed as a king where he once had been ruthlessly mobbed, and the Salvation Army has won the respect of the world.

The happy Christmas comes once more,
The heavenly Guest is at the door,
The blessed words the shepherds thrill,
The joyous tidings—Peace, good-will!

The belfries of all Christendom
Now roll along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

—*Longfellow.*

THE MADONNA.

THE MADONNA AND CHILD.

THE years may enter not her shrine;
For ever fair and young she stands,
And with her gracious, girlish hands
Folds tenderly the child divine.

Her lips are warm with mother-love
And blessedness, and from her eyes
Looks the mute, questioning surprise
Of one who hears a voice above

Life's voices—from the throng apart,
Listen to God's low-whispered word
(Strange message by no other heard),
And keeps His secret in her heart.

Sweet maiden-mother, years have fled
Since the great painter dropped his brush,
Left earth's loud praise for heaven's kind hush,
While men bewailed him, early dead—

Yet mothers kneel before thee still
Uplifting happy hearts; or, wild
With cruel loss, reach toward thy Child
Void arms for the Christ-love to fill.

Time waits without the sacred spot
Where fair and young the mother stands;
Time waits, and bars with jealous hands
The doors where years may enter not.

—*Sophie Jewett.*

TENNYSON, MAN AND POET.

BY SYDNEY HOPE.

THE influence and appreciation of many poets who have had undoubted claims to greatness, have been sadly and conspicuously detracted from by the wide disparity between their lives and their achievements. Acknowledgment of the creative and superior ability of Byron, Burns, and Shelley, is freely accorded, qualified by undisguised contempt and contumely for the looseness of their lives. Not so with Tennyson. A gentleman at heart, his life was an embodiment of his pure principles, his respect and honour of all moral law. It has been said of him that he was never known to do an unjust or ungenerous act, and through all the earlier years of poverty, public neglect, and disparagement, exhibited only sweetness and gentleness of temperament, while, further proof of his real inward greatness, developed neither vanity, pomposity, nor overweening self-consciousness with the success of his later years.

No poet ever reached so many hearts, ever appealed to so many consciences. It was through this versatility of mood that he came to be so universally loved and admired. A man of diverse moods himself, he appeals to the moods of every personality.

Lacking in general sympathy, as his critics combine in agreeing, there is nevertheless a subtle understrain of "touch" that impresses even the superficial reader with a sense of a fellow-feeling with his kind.

Devoid of any peculiarities or eccentricities of character, apart from a love of solitude and seclusion, he reflects unerringly the prevalent spirit of his age. There is a breadth and catholicity of view that manifest his love of harmony and order.

LORD ALFRED TENNYSON.

In entering the field of poetic literature, Tennyson had to contend with many difficulties unexperienced by his immediate predecessors. All the great things, as he himself said, had been done; literature had been enriched and all the great subjects seemingly exhausted by a no less brilliant phalanx than Cowper, Byron, Scott, Shelley, Wordsworth, and Keats, when Tennyson first essayed to raise his voice in humble song. Learned in all the arts and methods of his contemporaries and the past, he diverges by launching out into new waters for himself. Brevity, beauty in detail, elaborate technique he makes his motto, and these remain his dominant characteristics through all his works.

This tendency may have been indulged in to excess in his earlier works, as for instance in "Claribel" and "Recollections of Arabian Nights," where there is little real subject matter, but the charm of exquisite imagery and musical rhythm developed to perfection. What more intoxicating in rhythmical flow than:

At eve the beetle boometh
Athwart the thicket lone:
At noon the wild bee hummeth
About the moss'd headstone:
At midnight the moon cometh
And looketh down alone.

And again:

Far off, and where the lemon-grove
In closest coverture upsprung,
The living airs of middle night
Died round the bulbul as he sung;
Not he; but something which possess'd
The darkness of the world, delight,
Life, anguish, death, immortal love,
Ceasing not, mingled, unrepress'd. . . .

But time and experience developed a breadth of capacity, a strengthening of conviction, a wider range of practicability, with a loss of none of his earlier skill at musical phraseology. Indeed, this is one of the distinctive and characteristic charms of Tennyson's verse. Never does he sacrifice form to sense, nor repel the æsthetic taste by inconsistency of relationship, by incongruity of situation. Every circumstance has its perfect setting, every scene a fitting background.

There is ever through all his written language a delightful and harmonious adaptation of sound to sense, of soft euphonism to sentiment, a lending of measured metre to musical effects, as in the "Lotos Eaters":

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And through the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

. . . . . .

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)
With half-dropt eyelid still,
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hill—
To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine—
To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling
Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine!
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the pine.

No less subtle in its power to create, by working upon the imagination of the reader through merely suggestive pictorial detail, are the series of remote pictures faintly delineated through the visionary language of "Mariana" and the "Lady of Shalott." The atmosphere of desolation within and without serves only to centralize its effect upon the unhappy object of neglect, who murmurs her plaintive heart-song to the general air of misery about her.

In contrast to all this mysticism, this vague unreality of things, is the spirit of energy, the depth of passion, the flow of practical human life that pervades and animates the more natural conception of his "Idylls of the King." Here life and action take on more practical form; here men and women act, think, and feel from more comprehensive motives, and establish themselves in our affections from the fact of their susceptibility to err.

But into these old-world stories of strife, weakness, and passion Tennyson has woven the distinguishing thread of his own peculiar genius; the warp and woof of his own inimitable design, investing them with a new skill to touch the vagrant

fancy, a grander scope to meet a deeper need.

Here, too, is the accentuation and culmination of that optimistic faith, that confirmation of belief in an immortality that had its painful doubts and waverings in "Locksley Hall," and in the requiem flow of "In Memoriam."

In no capacity is Tennyson more apt than in his skill at vivid pen-sketching; in bringing before the mind in distinct, clear-cut outline the very picture of the locality and environments of his most striking scenes. He can be vague, mystical, elusive, deluding the senses away into dreamy, misty unreality; but when delineation is his object, he executes with a stroke that leaves no effort to the imagination. Take for instance that series of inimitable word-paintings in "The Palace of Art":

For some were hung with arras green and blue,
Showing a gaudy summer-morn,
Where with puff'd cheek the belted hunter blew
His wreathed bugle-horn.

One seem'd all dark and red—a tract of sand,
And some one pacing there alone,
Who paced for ever in a glimmering land,
Lit with a low, large moon.

One show'd an iron coast and angry waves,
You seem'd to hear them climb and fall
And roar rock-thwarted under bellowing caves,
Beneath the windy wall.

And one, a full-fed river winding slow
By herds upon an endless plain,
The ragged rims of thunder brooding low,
With shadow-streaks of rain.

And one, the reapers at their sultry toil,
In front they bound the sheaves. Behind
Were realms of upland, prodigal in oil,
And hoary to the wind.

And one, an English home—gray twilight pour'd
On dewy pastures, dewy trees
Softer than sleep—all things in order stored,
A haunt of ancient Peace.

Not a superfluous word, and yet each a perfect whole, clear, intense, illuminated with all the light of reality.

Deeper than all expressed emotion, subtler than any voiced language, is that vain longing after unattainable things, that regretful realization of impotence to recall the past, expressed in the mournful lines of "Tears, Idle Tears":

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when into dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

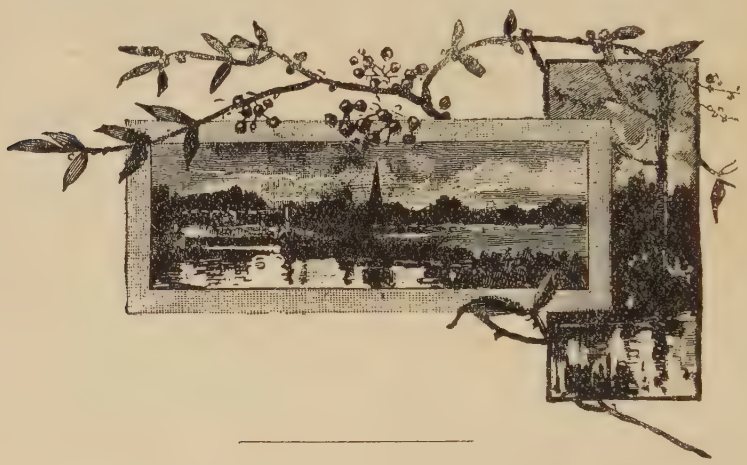
Practical and distinctly human are many of his themes, but to imbibe the real Tennysonian spirit you must eliminate your own personality and submit to wander with him unrestrained upon the misty heights of imagination, in valleys of dim unreality, beside lisping, gurgling waters, or through the shrouded caverns of the past.

No less sublime than the poet's exalted life was the dignity and grandeur of his death. Age, that so often impairs the faculties, served

only to ripen and infuse with stirring vigour his wonderful genius.

Only a short time before the end did he pen that exquisite lyric that stands his most fitting monument, the last tribute of a great master-spirit, pregnant with the unquenchable hope of after-being, to its own immortal soul:

> For tho' from out our bourn of Time and Place
> The flood may bear me far,
> I hope to see my Pilot face to face
> When I have crost the bar.



THE CITY OF DAVID.

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

A little Babe this place has glorified!
A little Child upon His mother's breast
Once breathed a blessing that has never died
Upon these little streets that, side by side,
Run east and west.

His little presence—He who was a King—
Still, still is felt amid trade's pulsing breath;
The thought of Him is like a living thing
That blooms amid the Oriental spring,
And knows no death.

At midnight, when the stars in clusters rise
Above this sacred city; when the moon,
Pallid and old, in the far heaven lies;
Or when the torrid sun in these hot skies
Broods at high noon,—

Ever there wakes the thought of Him once more,
Tho' long and long ago His mother came
One winter night to yon poor stable door,
Yea, here lives on, to-day, as years before,
His love, His name!

A CHRISTMAS CONVERSION AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BROWNING.

BEAUTIFUL for situation are the lovely valleys of Chillawack and Sumas. In their rear, snow-peaked mountains lift their pure heads to the sun, and in front of them the mighty Fraser River rushes on to meet the sea, which sea, as if appreciating its longing, lover-like, comes more than half way to meet and embrace it.

At the time of which I write these valleys were not peopled as they are to-day. They were great solitudes, broken here and there by a settler's cabin, and saved from desolation by many Indian villages. In one of the cabins lived an elderly white man. Born and reared in the east, he had emigrated to California, and from thence to Oregon, bringing up at last in a mining town on the Fraser River. It was there I first met him. He was a character among characters. He was kindly and respectful to me, and acted in my services as usher and a kind of plate steward. But, my, how he would swear! Not the ordinary kind of swearing, but the extraordinary.

There were men in that town who would have an oath in almost every sentence they uttered, but this man had a diabolical genius for framing the name of Jesus Christ in a lurid setting of words which made me shudder if by chance I passed when he was blaspheming. Poor, morally insane fellow, how I pitied and prayed for him!

Years passed away and with them the mining town and the emigration of my quondam usher and plate steward to the Sumas valley, where, under the shadow of the mountains, he "took up a ranch" and lived alone. The Christmas time was drawing near and it was the first Christmas he had ever spent alone with God and his own conscience. There settled down on him a sense of utter desolateness. The past oppressed him, the present had nothing but sorrow for him, and as for the future, he dared not anticipate it.

It was with these mingled feelings that he crept into his bed on the eve of Christmas Day. But sleep was murdered, and rising he lit his lamp and began to come to himself. He remembered he had a Bible in his trunk. A brother long years before had given the book to him, but it had lain untouched, and now for the first time he opened it and began to read. As he read he became conscious of another presence than his own being in the room, and that presence was the Christ whose name he had so often used in blasphemy. To go down at the feet of the Presence and weep and pray was his impulse, and without a moment's hesitation he at once went down on the floor of his cabin and prayed.

Then began a struggle which, like Jacob's, lasted until the breaking of the day. But with the morning the Sun of Righteousness had arisen on his soul, and as he went out of his cabin door and looked upon the mountains they seemed to dance for joy, and the river in the distance was singing a doxology of praise. What next!

He could not keep all this joy to himself. He dared not tell his neighbours of it, for they would call

him either a lunatic or a fraud. And so he left his cabin and by land and water travelled over forty miles to see me, that he might tell the story of his conversion to one whom he believed would sympathize and rejoice with him. And what a meeting we had! He wanted to stay with me, but I urged him to go back home and, gathering his neighbours together for a watch-night, tell them how Christ found him that Christmas morning, and how he had found pardon and regeneration and a heaven on earth.

He left for his valley home, and in a few weeks I received a request to come and assist in a glorious revival which was shaking the valleys as trees are shaken by the wind. I went to find that the meetings were progressing gloriously, and that my brother who was saved so remarkably had done just what I had advised him to do, and had followed it up by testifying for Christ anywhere and everywhere that offered. The change in his life was so marked since his conversion that it seemed as if God had saved him for two purposes—his own salvation and the salvation of the people around him.

During that meeting and others which grew out of it, the character of the settlers in those beautiful valleys underwent a miraculous transformation. Even the Indians caught the contagion. The white and the red man wept together in penitence, and rejoiced together in the forgiveness of their sins. Captain John, an Indian chief, with many of his people, gave their hearts to God. He still lives as the helper of Brother Crosby. Many whites and Indians converted in those meetings have passed on before, but others yet live, and from letters which I receive I am assured they are still faithful to Christ.

I can see now as I write this article the man I knew in the mining town, and I hear again his words of blasphemy. Then the scene changes, and I see him as when he came to tell me of how Jesus had come to him that memorable Christmas. And once more the scene changes, and I see him as when he rode across the prairie, not daring to look back, for we had exchanged the last good-bye. To-day these valleys are dotted with churches and schools; an Indian institute stands as proof of the faith and works of the godly women of Ontario—the leaven which began to work on that Christmas morning is leavening the whole lump.

> So shall the bright succession run
> To the last ages of the sun.

Toronto.

SHINE OUT, O STAR!

What shall we do for the blinded eyes
  Straining their gaze afar,
Seeing no promise of dawn arise,
  Searching in vain for the Star?

Dear God, so far in the lifted heavens—
  So low in the dust they lie,
To whom no glimpse of the day is given,
  No Star in their midnight sky.

The burdened and weary, the sick and faint,
  Who moan out their despair,
Till the still air pulses with their complaint,
  And the pang of unheeded prayer.

Sweet choir of God, this Christmastide
  Sing out your song again:
Is the Christ-child born! Has He come to abide?
  Does it mean "good-will to men"?

Shine out, O Star, on their darkened way,
  Whose eyes with tears are dim,
The Christ-child lives somewhere to-day—
  Make clear the road to Him.

—*Mary Lowe Dickinson.*

THE NATIVITY.

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

COMETH again with winter's whitened landscapes,
And drear upheavings of December's sea,
The great day when the Lord took human fashion
The light of this our little world to be.

Oh! you proud palaces of earth, be humble!
Oh! famous places, vaunt to-night no fame!
What shrine, what carved cathedral should be hallowed,
And not yon limestone cave which hath no name

Of any king or conqueror to gild it,
Of any triumph won by sword and spear,
Grander than stricken fields and tented armies
To each man, like his own home, known and dear?

Forsaken, lone, dwelt in by herdsmen, stony,
Poor, and obscure, but sacred near and far,
So that the kneeling camels seem to worship,
The flowers to waft it incense, and each star,

A lamp lit every night by angel-watchers
With fragrant flames of paradise, to show
Where stood that bearing bed so blessèd, wherefore
Those Magi did in fear and wonder go

To haunt so opulent with heav'nly promise
That lands and seas find settled centre there,
And naught of royal, no supreme dominion,
No Emperor's pleasaunce may with thee compare.

Bethlehem, thou "House of Bread," thou petty city
Built fortunate under the Syrian sky!
Ye who read this, take with me wings of fancy,
Speed in the magic of this tale and spy

The lowly spot, beneath its constellations
Studding the vault with jewel-stars—each star
A "mansion of His Father's house"—the hamlet
Sits white-roofed, quiet on its rugged scar.

Yonder the mule-path winds to Hebron, gleaming
Dusty and grey amid the olives. There
Was Khan of Chimham, where did ofttimes gather
The caravans of Abraham; and here

Ruth "stood amid the alien corn," and David
Played with his fellow shepherd-lads. A fane
Built by Byzantium's empress marks where tarried
The Virgin; where endured the bearing-pain

Bringing such bliss to earth. And yon sloped meadow,
Broken by crags, gave pasture to the sheep
Which on that night—unknowingly nigh heaven—
Those silly swains from wolf and bear did keep.

These be the knolls they supped among, while minstrels,
Such as no banquet knew before, did turn
Their barley crusts to dainty diet, mingle
Their peasant chatter with those words that burn

All spirits, by remembrance, to bright hope;
Which, even to think on, change all grief to glory,
New times proclaimed by love's own tongue. Yea! this
Was scene and stage-place of the immortal story

Too wonderful for faith, except it listen,
As did these Syrian hinds, with hearts for ears,
And see with inward eyes; heav'n's compact given
To half-believing earth, who all these years

Awaits fulfilment, knowing not the gift
Lies in her lap to handsel: "Peace on earth,
Good-will to all," if only all will live
Simple as these and comprehend this birth,

And have what angels have, what the star meant
Guiding those Magi, what the angelic crew
Sang o'er the manger on the hill; for what
When man is ready God is ready too.

But, Lord, how long? The foolish nations stagger
From war to war, and of this hill of peace
Would make a fortalice and march battalions
Where songs of angels bade all carnage cease.

Rocks! ye did know! Olives and terebinths!
From ancient roots ye spring, which burgeoned here
And saw the golden gates, if any saw,
Opened, and heard the message loud and clear

Spoken by seraphs, if 'twere spoke. Shall man
Be deafer than the rocks, more blind than trees,
More slow to "rise and go to Bethlehem"
And worship at the manger as did these

The Orient Shepherds? Be ye comforted,
Peacemakers! and such souls as do await,
Prostrate beside those wise men from the East,
The star that shall return to banish hate;

To make an end to bloodshed: to bring in
Sweet reason, righteousness and brotherhood,
"Peace upon earth" and "good-will toward men."
Ah! words divine! and be it understood,

Long-suffering, watchful earth! from yonder worlds,
Countless, amazing, prodigally set
In silver swarms, from centres numberless
To infinite circumference, not yet

Have its rays reached our eyes from many a star,
Since even light asks time. So it might be
The far-off inner beam of Bethlehem
Finds still much space to travel. Therefore we—

Knowing this great thing happened, noting here
Under thy white walls, Bethlehem, the rocks,
The very rocks which heard; the olive-trees
Growing where grew His olives—by no shocks

Of death or doubt or darkness will be driven
To let go certainty that at the last
The promise of the angels shall come true,
The blindness of the ages shall be past.

And, little city, thou shalt be again
Chief of the cities, dearest, proudest, best,
Since first He breathed our earthly air in thee,
And first in thee sucked at a mortal breast.

And since from thee came all our Christendom
As mighty rivers rise from crystal rill.
Therefore guard safe the echo of the promise,
Thou "House of Bread"! Thou lowly Syrian hill!

A SINGULAR LIFE.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.

IV.—Continued.

HE church was thronged. Citizens and strangers jostled each other in the porch, the vestibules, and the aisles. It was one of those religious festivals so dear to the heart of New England, and so perplexing to gayer people.

The respectability of the town was out in force. The richest fish firms, the largest shipowners, and the oldest families shed the little light of local glory upon the occasion. Most of them, in fact, were members of the parish. Windover had what an irreverent outsider had termed her codocracy. The examination—to be be followed that evening by the ordination—of the new minister was an affair of note.

Upon the platform, decorated by the Ladies' Aid Society with taste, piety, and goldenrod, sat the council called to examine and to ordain Emanuel Bayard to the ministry of Christ. These were venerable men; they drove in from the surrounding parishes in their buggies, or took the trains from remoter towns. A few city names had responded; one or two of them were eminent. The columns of The Windover Topsail had these already set up in display type, and the reporters in the galleries dashed them off on yellow slips of paper.

As the minister elect, panting with his haste, ran up the steps and into the church, the first thing he perceived was the eye of one of his Cesarea professors fastened sternly upon him. It gave him the feeling of a naughty little boy who was late to school. This guilty sensation was not lessened by a vision of the back of his uncle's bald head in an eminent seat among the lay delegates, and by the sight of the jewelled Swiss repeater, familiar to his infancy, too visibly suspended from Mr. Hermon Worcester's hand. The church clock (wearing for the occasion a wreath of purple asters, which had received an unfortunate lurch to one side, and gave that pious timepiece a tipsy air) charitably maintained that Bayard was but seven minutes late. The impatience of the council and the anxiety of the audience seemed to aver that an hour would not cover, nor eternity pardon, the young man's delay. He dropped his valise into the hand of the sexton, and strode up the broad aisle. The dust of the street fight still showed upon his clothes. His cheeks were flushed with his fine colour. His disordered hair clung to his white forehead in curls that the straitest sect of the Pharisees could not have straightened. Every woman in the audience noticed this, and liked him the better for it. But the council was composed of straight-haired men.

Somebody beckoned him into the minister's room to repair damages: and as he crossed the platform to do so, Bayard stooped and exchanged a few whispered words with the moderator. The wrinkled face of that gentleman changed visibly. He rose at once and said:

"It is due to our brother and to the audience to state that your minister-elect desires me to make his apologies to the parish for a tardiness which he found to be unavoidable,—morally unavoidable, I might say. And I should observe," added the moderator, hesitating, "that I have been requested not to explain the nature of the case, but I shall take it upon myself to defy this injunction, and to state that an act of Christian mercy detained our brother. I do not think," said the moderator, dropping suddenly from the ecclesiastical to the human tone, "that it is every man who would have done it, under the circumstances; and I do not consider it any less creditable for that."

A sound of relief stirred through the house as the moderator sat down. The audience ceased twisting its head to look at the tipsy clock, thus enabling the Ladies' Aid Association to get that aster wreath for the first time out of mind. Mr. Hermon Worcester's watch went back to its comfortable fob. A smile melted across the anxious face of Professor Haggai Carruth, of Cesarea. The minister-elect reappeared with plumage properly smoothed, and the proceedings of the day set in, with the usual decorum of the denomination.

He listened dreamily to the conventional preliminary exercises of the afternoon. His mind was in a turmoil which poorly prepared the young man for the intellectual and emotional strain of the day. That scene in the street flashed and faded and reappeared before him, like the dark lantern which an evil hand brings into a sacred place. The blow of the man's fist upon the child seemed to fall crashing upon his own flesh. Across the crescendo of the chorus of the hymn the cry of the little boy ran in piteous discord.

And now for three quivering hours the young man stood the fire of the most ingenious questioning which had been witnessed in that part of the State for many a year.

At first it rather amused him than otherwise, and he bore it with great good nature.

He was patient beyond his years with the small clergyman from the small interior parish, whose hobby was that theological students were not properly taught their Bibles, and who had invented a precious catechism of his own, calculated to prove to the adience how little they or the candidate know of Boanerges, Gog, and Magog, and the four beasts of the Apocalypse. Having treated all these burning questions satisfactorily, Bayard fenced awhile with the learned clergyman who was alive only in the dead languages, and who put the candidate through his Greek and Hebrew paces as if he had been a college boy.

Bayard had felt no serious concern as to the outcome of the examination, a mere form, a husk, a shell, with which it was not worth a man's while to quarrel. The people of the church —had already begun to call them his people—were enthusiastically and lovingly pledged to him. He smiled into their familiar faces and manfully and cheerfully stood his ground. All, in fact, went well enough, until the theology of the young man came under investigation.

With a sudden and impressive gesture of the hand, as if he cast the whole merciless scene away from him, he stepped unexpectedly forward, and in a ringing voice he said :

"Fathers and brothers of the Church ! I believe in God Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth. I believe in Jesus Christ His Son, our Lord and Saviour. I believe in the sacredness and authority of the Bible, which contains the lesson and the history of His life. I believe in the guilt and the misery of sin, and I have spent the best years of my youth in your institutions of sacred learning, seeking to be taught how to teach my fellowmen to be better. I solemnly believe in the Life Eternal, and that its happiness and holiness are the gifts of Jesus Christ to the race. I do not presume to explain how or why this is or may be so ; for behold we are shown mysteries, of which this is one. If I am permitted to guide the people who have loved and chosen me, I expect to teach them many truths which I do not understand. I shall teach them none which I do not believe. Fathers and brothers, I show you my soul ! Deal with me as you will !"

He stood for a space, tall, white, still, with that look—half angel, half human—which was peculiar to his face in moments of exaltation.

The troubled voice of the moderator now recalled him, using the quaint phrase of elder times for such occasion made and provided : "The council will now be by themselves."

In three-quarters of an hour the council returned and reported upon the examination. Emanuel Bayard was refused ordination to the Christian ministry by a majority of five.

Agitated beyond self-control, the people split into factions, and resolved themselves into committees. The gray-haired moderator and the dejected Professor, themselves paler than the rejected candidate, sought to convert the confusion into something like order wherewith to close the exercises of that miserable day. During the momentary silence which their united efforts had enforced, a thick voice from the swaying crowd was distinctly heard.

Job Slip, who had somehow managed to take an extra drop from his pocket-bottle during the electric disturbance of the last half-hour, was staggering up the broad aisle, with the Italian and the sober man at either elbow.

"Lemme go !" cried Job, with an air of unprecedented politeness. "Lemme get up thar whar I ken make a speech. I won't cuss ye, for this is a meetin'-house, but I will make my speech !"

"Hush, Job !" said a girl in a sailor hat. She came forward before all the people and laid her hand upon the drunkard's arm. "Hush, Job, hush ! You bother the minister. Come away, Job, come away. Mari's here, and the young one. Come along to your wife, Job Slip !"

"I'll join my wife when I get

ready," said Job, solemnly, "for it's proper that I should; but I ain't a-goin' to stand by an' see a man that licked me licked out'n his rights an' not do nothin' for him! No, sir! Gentlemen," cried Job pleasantly, assuming an oratorical attitude and facing round upon the disturbed house, "I'll stick up for the minister every time. It ain't his fault he was late to meetin'. You hadn't oughter kick him out for that, now! It's all along of me, gentlemen! I drink—and he—ye see—don't. I was threshin' the life out'n my little boy down to Angel Alley, and he knocked me down for 't. Fact, sir! That there little minister, he knocked me down. I'll stand by him every round now, you bet! I'll see 't he gets his rights in his own meetin'-house!"

Half a dozen hands were at Job's mouth; a dozen more dragged him back. The council sprang to their feet in horror. But Job squared off, and eyed these venerable Christians with the moral superiority of his condition. He pushed on towards the pulpit.

"Come on, Tony!" he cried to the Italian. "Come, Ben! You, Lena!" He beckoned to the girl, who had shrunk back. "Tell Mari an' Joey to foller on! Won't hear us, won't they? Well, we'll see! There ain't a cove of the lot of them could knock me down! Jest to save a little feller's bones! Gentlemen! look a' here. Look at us. We're the delegation from Angel Alley, sir. Now, sir, what are you pious a-goin' to do with us?"

But a white, firm hand was laid upon Job's shoulder. Pale, shining, frowning, Bayard stood beside him.

"Come, Job," he said gently, "come out with me, and we will talk it over."

The broad aisle quickly cleared, and the rejected minister left the church with the drunkard's hand upon his arm. The remainder of the delegation from Angel Alley followed quietly, and the soft, green baize doors closed upon them.

"Say," said Job Slip, recovering a portion of his scattered senses in the open air,—"say, I thought you said they didn't fight where you was goin'?"

The drunkard's wife stood outside. She was crying. Bayard looked at her. He did not know what to say. Just then he felt a tug at the tail of his coat, and small, warm fingers crept into his cold hand. He looked down. It was the little boy.

V.

It seems a little thing to write about, but at the time it was not the least aspect of the great crisis into which Emanuel Bayard had arrived, that, when he came out into the strong, salt breeze of Windover that afternoon, it suddenly occurred to him that he had nowhere to spend the night. Alas for the bright and solemn festival in which his should have been the crowned hero's part! He heard the excited women of the parish asking each other:

"Who is going to eat up that collation?"

"What is ever going to become of all that one-two-three-four cake?"

"Feed those old ministers now? Not a sandwich! Let 'em go home where they belong. If we're going to have no minister, they shall have no supper! We'll settle him in spite of 'em!"

Thus the Ladies' Aid Association, with flushed cheeks and shrill voices. But the deacons and the pillars of the disturbed church collected in serious groups, and discussed the catastrophe with the dignity of the voting and governing sex.

Sick at heart, and longing to escape from the whole miserable scene, Bayard walked down the street alone. His steps bent blindly to the station. When he had bought his ticket to Boston, it came to him for the first time to ask himself where he was going. Home? What home? Whose? Hermon Worcester's? That glance at his uncle's rigid face which he had allowed himself back there in the church recurred to him. The incensed and disappointed man had suffered his smitten boy to go forth from that furnace without a sign of sympathy. He had given Emanuel one look: the pupils of his eyes were dark and dilated with indignation of the kind that a gentleman does not trust himself to express.

"I cannot go home," said Emanuel suddenly, half aloud. "I forgot that. I shall not be wanted."

He put his ticket in his wallet and turned away. Some people were hurrying into the station, and he strode to a side door to escape them. The handsome knob of an Oriental grapestick touched his arm. The white face of the Professor of Theology looked sternly into his.

"Suppose you come out to Cesarea with me to-night? We can talk this unfortunate affair over quietly, and—

I am sure you misapprehend the real drift of some of these doctrines that disturb you. I believe I could set you right, and possibly—another examination—before a different Council"—

Bayard's head swam for an instant. He was in that state when a woman's sympathy is the only one delicate enough for a man's bruised nature to bear. He quivered at the thought of being touched by anything harsher than the compassionate approval, the indignant sorrow, the intelligent heart—

"No," he said, after a scarcely perceptible hesitation. "Thank you, Professor—I can't do it. I should only disappoint you. I am almost too tired to go all over the ground again. Good-bye, Professor."

He held out his hand timidly. The thin, high-veined hand of the Professor shook as he responded to the grasp.

"I didn't know," he said more gently, "but you would be more comfortable. Your uncle"—the Professor hesitated.

"Thank you," said the young man again. "That was thoughtful of you." But he shook his head, and pushed out of the door into the street.

There he stood irresolute. What next? He was to have been the guest of the treasurer of the church that night, after the ordination. It was a pretty, luxurious home; he had been entertained there so often that he felt at home in it; the family had been his affectionate friends, and the children were fond of him. He thought of that comfortable guest-room with the weakest pang that he had known yet: he felt ill enough to go to bed. But they had not asked the dishonored minister, now, to be their guest. It did not occur to him, so sore at heart was he, that he had given them no opportunity.

He was about to return to the station, with a vague purpose to seek shelter in some hotel in a village where nobody knew him, when a plain, elderly woman dressed in black approached him. He recognized her as one of the obscurer people of his lost parish. She had been comforted by something he had said one Sunday; she had come timidly to tell him so, after the fashion of such women; she had known trouble, he remembered, and poverty, it was clear.

"Ah, Mrs. Granite!" he said pathetically. "Did you take all the trouble to come to say good-bye to me?"

"You look so tired, sir!" sobbed Mrs. Granite. "You look down sick abed! We thought you wasn't fit to travel to-night, sir, and if you wouldn't mind coming home with us to get a night's rest, Mr. Bayard? We live very poor, sir, not like you; but me and my girl, we couldn't bear to see you going off so. We'd take it for an honour, Mr. Bayard, sir!"

"I will come," said the weary man. And he went, at once. Certain words confusedly recurred to him as he walked silently beside Mrs. Granite. "He had not where," they ran,—"He had not where to lay his head."

The light burned late in the clean spare room in the cottage of the fisherman's widow on Windover Point that night.

Early in the morning her mother sent Jane Granite running for the doctor; and by night it was well known in Windover that the new minister was ill.

He lay helpless for two weeks under one of those serious nervous collapses which seem ignominy to a young man. But Mrs. Granite and Jane nursed him adoringly, and as soon as the doctor permitted, Jane brought the patient his mail. It contained a curt but civil letter from his uncle, regretting to learn that he had been indisposed, and requesting an interview.

As soon as he was able to travel, Emanuel went to Boston.

An unexpected incident which happened on the morning that he left Windover gave back something of the natural fires to his eyes, and he looked less ill than Mr. Worcester had expected, when they met in the library on Beacon Street.

This circumstance checked the slightly rising tide of sympathy in his uncle's feeling; and it was with scarcely more than civility that the elder man opened the conversation.

"I wish to discuss this situation with you, Emanuel, once for all. You have for some time avoided the issue between us which is bound to come."

"I have avoided nothing," interrupted Emanuel proudly.

"It is the same thing. You have never met me half-way. The time has come when we must have it out. You know, of course, perfectly well what a blow this thing has been to me—the mortification—the . . . After all I have done for you"—

The cold, clear-cut features of Hermon Worcester's face became suffused; he put his hand against his heart, and gasped. For the first time it occurred

to the young man that the elder, too, had suffered; with a quick exclamation of sympathy or anxiety, he turned to reply, but Mr. Worcester got to his feet, and began to pace the library hotly.

"What do you propose to do?" he cried. "Seven years of higher education, and — how many trips to Europe? And all the—that—feeling a man has for a child he has brought up—wasted, worse than wasted! What do you propose to do? Thirty years old, and a failure at the start! A disgrace to the faith of your fathers! A blot on an old religious name! Come, now! what next? . . . I suppose I could find you a place to sweep a store," added Hermon Worcester bitingly.

Emanuel had flushed darkly, and then his swift pallor came on.

"Uncle," he said distinctly, "I think this interview we have been preparing for so long may as well be dispensed with. It seems to me quite useless. I can only grieve you, sir; and you cannot comfort me."

"Comfort!" sneered the other, with his least agreeable expression; for Hermon Worcester had many, in frequent use.

"Well," said Emanuel, "yes; there are times when even a heretic may need something of that sort. But I was about to say that I think it idle for us to talk. My plans are now quite formed."

"Indeed, sir!" said Mr. Worcester, stopping short.

"I have been invited by a minority of my people to start a new work in Windover, of which they propose that I shall become the leader."

"Not the pastor!" observed Mr. Worcester.

"Yes, the pastor,—that was the word. It will be a work quite independent of the old church. I cannot hope for your sympathy in this step. I have decided to take it. It strikes me, uncle, that we had better not discuss the matter."

"His mother before him!" cried Hermon Worcester, violently striding up and down the velvet carpet of the library, "I went through it with his mother before him,—this abhorrent indifference to the demands of birth and training, this scandal, this withdrawal from the world, this publicity given to family differences, the whole miserable business! She for love, and you for—I suppose you call it religion! I can't go through it again, and I won't! It is asking too much of me!"

"I ask nothing of you, uncle," said the young man, rising.

"You'll end in infidelity, sir."

Mr. Worcester snapped in the private drawer of his desk, and locked it with unnecessary force and symbolism.

"I don't forbid you my house, mind. I sha'n't turn you into the street. You'll starve into your senses fast enough on any salary that the rabble down in that fishing-town can raise for you. When you do—come back to me. Keep your latch-key in your pocket. You will want to use it some day."

"I must run my chances, sir," said Bayard in a voice so low that it was scarcely audible. Instinctively he drew his latch-key from his pocket and held it out; but Mr. Hermon Worcester did not deign to notice it. "I have never thought about your money, uncle. I'm not that kind of fellow, exactly. You have always been good to me, Uncle Hermon!" He choked, and held out his hand to say goodbye.

"But look here—see here—you'll stay to dinner? You'll go up to your room, Manuel?" stammered the elder man. "I explicitly told you that I didn't drive you out of your home. I don't desire any scene—any unnecessary scandal. I wish you to understand that you are not turned into the street."

"I have promised to be in Windover this evening, to settle this matter," replied Bayard.

He walked up the street slowly, for he was weak yet. At the door of an old friend he was tempted to pause and rest, but collected his senses, and struggled on.

He turned to look for a cab; then remembered that he had no longer fifty cents to waste upon so mere a luxury as the economy of physical strength. It was his first lesson in poverty,—that a sick man must walk, because he could not afford to ride. Besides, it proved to be a private carriage that he had seen. The elderly coachman, evidently a family retainer, had just shut the door and clambered to the box; he was waiting to tuck the green cloth robe deliberately about his elegant legs, when a low exclamation from the coach window caused Bayard to look back.

Helen Carruth had opened the door, and stood, irresolute, with one foot upon the step, as if half her mind

were in, and half were out the carriage. She was richly dressed in purple cloth, and had that air which he could not conceive of her as dispensing with if she were a missionary in Tahiti. She looked vivid, vital, warm, and somehow, gorgeous to him.

"You?" she cried joyously; then seemed to recall herself, and stepped back.

He went up to her at once.

"I have been staying with Clara Rollins for a week," she hastened to say. "I am just going home. It's her afternoon at the Portuguese Mission, so she could not see me off. I did not know you were in town, Mr. Bayard."

"I am not," said Bayard, smiling wanly. "I am on my way to Windover; I am late to my train now."

"Why, jump in!" said the young lady heartily. "We are going the same way; and I'm sure Mrs. Rollins would be delighted to have you. She's at the Woman's Branch."

"The Woman's who?" asked Bayard, laughing for the first time for many days. He had hesitated for a moment; then stepped into the carriage, and shut the door.

"I presume you've been in this vehicle before?" began Miss Carruth.

He nodded, smiling still.

"At intervals, as far back as I can remember."

"Miss Rollins was saying only yesterday what an age it was since they had seen you—Mr. Bayard!" she broke off, "you look ill. You are ill."

He had sunk back upon the olive satin cushions. The familiar sense of luxury and ease came upon him like a wave of mortal weakness. For a moment he did not trust himself to look at the girl beside him. Her beauty, her gaiety, her health, her freedom from care, something even in her personal elegance overcame him. She seemed to whirl before his eyes, the laughing figure of a happy fortune, the dainty symbol of the life that he had left and lost. The deliberate coachman was now driving rapidly, and they were well on their way over Beacon Hill. She gave Bayard one of her long, steady looks. Something of timidity stole over her vivacious face.

"Mr. Bayard," she said in a changed tone, "I have heard all about it from my father. I wanted to tell you, but I had no way. I am glad to have a chance to say—I am sorry for you with all my heart. And with all my soul, I honour you."

"Do you?" said the disheartened man. "Then I honour myself the more."

He turned now, and looked at her gratefully. The first drop of human sympathy from man or woman of his own kind was inexpressibly sweet to him. He could have raised her hand to his lips. But they were in Mrs. Rollins's carriage, and on Beacon Street.

"Oh!" cried Helen suddenly. "Look there! No, there! See that poor, horrible fellow! Why, he's arrested! The policemen are carrying him off."

Bayard looked out of the carriage window, and uttered a disturbed exclamation. Struggling in the iron grip of two policemen of assorted sizes, the form and the tongue of Job Slip were forcibly ornamenting Tremont Row.

"I must go. I must leave you. Excuse me. Drive on without me, Miss Carruth. That is a friend of mine in trouble there."

Bayard stopped the coachman with an imperious tap, and a "Hold on, John!"

"A what of yours?" cried Helen.

"It is one of my people," explained Bayard curtly. He leaped from the carriage, raised his hat, and ran.

"Just release this man, if you please," he said to the police authoritatively. "I know him; I am his minister. I'm going on the train he meant to take. I'll see him safely home. I'll answer for him."

"Well—I don't know about that, sir," replied the smaller policeman doubtfully.

But the larger one looked Bayard over, and made answer: "Oh, bejabers, Tim, let 'im goa!"

Job, who was not too far gone to recognize his preserver, now threw his arms affectionately around Bayard's recoiling neck, and became unendurably maudlin. In a voice audible the width of the street, and with streaming tears and loathsome blessings, he identified Bayard as his dearest, best, nearest, and most intimate of friends. A laughing crowd collected and followed, as Bayard tried to hurry to the station, encumbered by the grip of Job's intoxicated affection. Now falling, now staggering up, now down again, and ever firmly held, Job looked up drunkenly into the white, delicate face that seemed to rise above him

by a space as far as the span between the heavens and the earth. Stupidly he was aware that the new minister was doing something by him that was not exactly usual. He began to talk in thick, hyphenated sentences about his wife and home, his boy, and the trip he had taken to Georges'. He had made, he averred, a hundred dollars (which was possible), and had two dollars and thirty-seven cents left (which was altogether probable). Job complained that he had been robbed in Boston of the difference, and, weeping, besought the new minister to turn back and report the theft to the police.

"We shall lose the train, Job," said Bayard firmly. "We must get home to your wife and little boy."

"Go wherever y' say!" cried Job pleasantly. "Go to Chicago, along of you, if you say so!"

There was something so grotesque in the situation that Bayard's soul recoiled within him. He was not used to this kind of thing. He was no Christ, but a plain human man, and a young man at that. His sense of dignity was terribly hurt. Without turning his head, he knew when the carriage drove on. He felt her eyes upon him; he knew the moment when she took them off; Job was attempting to kiss him at that particular crisis.

Bayard managed to reach the last platform of the last car as it moved out of the station, and to get his charge to Windover without an accident. He had plenty of time for reflection on the trip; but he reflected as little as possible. With his arm linked firmly through Job's and his eyes closed, he became a seer of visions, not a thinker of thoughts. Her face leaned out of the carriage window,—faded, formed, and dimmed, and formed again. He saw the astonishment leap into her brown eyes, and that look which no sibyl could have interpreted, forming about her merry lips. He heard the coachman say, "Shall I drive on, miss?" And the answer, "Yes, John, drive on. I must not miss the train."

He opened his eyes, and saw the sullen horizon of the sea across the marches, and the loathsome face of Job leaning against the casement of the car window at his side.

By the time they reached Windover Slip was sleepy and quite manageable. Bayard consulted his watch. It was the hour for his evening appointment with the officers of the new parish.

"Again!" he thought. He looked at the drunkard wearily. Then the flash of inspiration fired his tired face.

"Come, Job," he said suddenly. "Never mind our suppers. Come with me."

He took Job as he was,—torpid, sodden, disgusting, a creature of the mud, a problem of the mire. The committee sat in the anxious conclave of people embarked upon a doubtful and unpopular enterprise. Emanuel Bayard pushed Job Slip before him into the pretty parlours of the ex-treasurer of the old First Church. For the treasurer had followed the come-outers. He had joined the poor and humble people who, in fear and faith, had tremblingly organized the experiment for which, as yet, they had no other name than that they gave it in their prayers. Christ's work, they called it, then. The treasurer was their only man of property. His jaw dropped when he saw Job.

"Gentlemen," said the young pastor, "gentlemen, I have brought you a sample of the material under discussion. What are we going to do with this?"

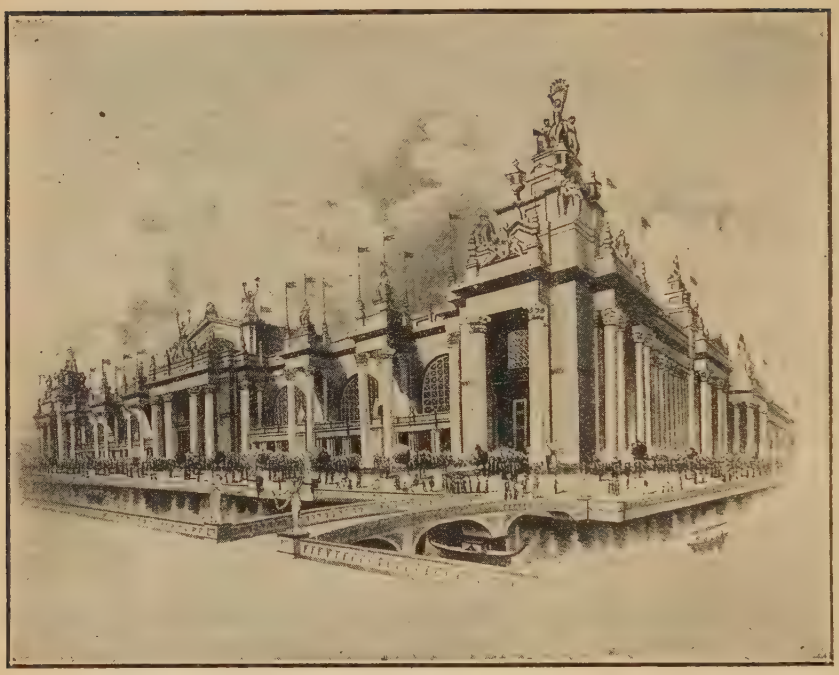
(To be continued.)

"The lesson of Christmas, O, learn it,
If Wisdom's rich treasure you prize;
'Tis taught by a Babe in a manger,
Go kneel at His feet, and be wise.

"The story of Christmas, O, tell it,
That its power and sweetness may win
Lost souls to believe in the Saviour,
Who came to redeem them from sin.

"The spirit of Christmas, O, seek it,
Its love and its fulness to know
Will crown all the years with a glory
That nothing on earth can bestow."

CANADA AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.



THE ELECTRICITY BUILDING.

CANADA'S Pavilion will be one hundred feet square and surrounded by porticoes. It will have two stories. The architect is L. Fennings Taylor, of Ottawa, Canada. The Canadian reservation is about half-way between the Agriculture Building and the Forestry, Fish, and Game Building. The handsome pavilion, which is to be Commissioner-General Hutchinson's official home on the World's Fair grounds next year, and which will serve as a club-house for Canadian visitors to the Exposition, will stand south-west of, and close to, the big floral clock on the northern slope of Agriculture Hill. The building will face the avenue which runs north and south in front of the Administration Building and extends to the Agriculture Building.

As the Canadian building is to be such a near neighbour to the Palace of Agriculture, my Canadian readers will be interested in knowing something about this giant structure.

The Palace of Agriculture at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis is the largest structure ever built for the reception of a single department, and is fifteen per cent. larger than any other building at the Exposition. It is 500 x 1,600 feet, thus containing a floor space of almost twenty acres. The building is probably the best lighted of any on the grounds. Its fronts are practically successive series of windows, each 75 feet long and 27 feet high.

The grand nave, 106 feet wide, which runs through the 1,600-foot length of the building, rises to a height of 60 feet, and supplies the grandest vista of installation space of any building ever designed for exposition uses.

It is readily seen by the foregoing that the Canadian building site is one of the most advantageous on the grounds, and Exposition Commissioner Hutchinson deserves great

praise for the shrewdness he has displayed in selecting it for Canada.

"Canada made an exhibit of rare excellence at the World's Columbian Exposition in 1893," says Col. C. F. Mills, Secretary of the Live Stock Department, "and in not a few of the classes received the larger portion of the prize money. The prize fund provided for the live-stock exhibit at the World's Fair next year will be nearly twice as large as the amount awarded at Chicago in 1893, and the skilful breeders of Canada, of whom there are many, can be depended upon to exhibit stock of such superior quality as to justly entitle them to receive a liberal share of the quarter of a million of dollars set apart by the Louisiana Purchase Exposition for stock shown at St. Louis in 1904."

Canada intends to spring a surprise at the Exposition next year with her exhibit of lumber and timber. Of most direct interest to the people of the United States, perhaps, is the record of Canada in the wood-pulp industry last year. The wood-pulp industry of Canada for the calendar year 1902 was carried on by thirty-five mills, which had an output of 240,989 tons of wood-pulp.

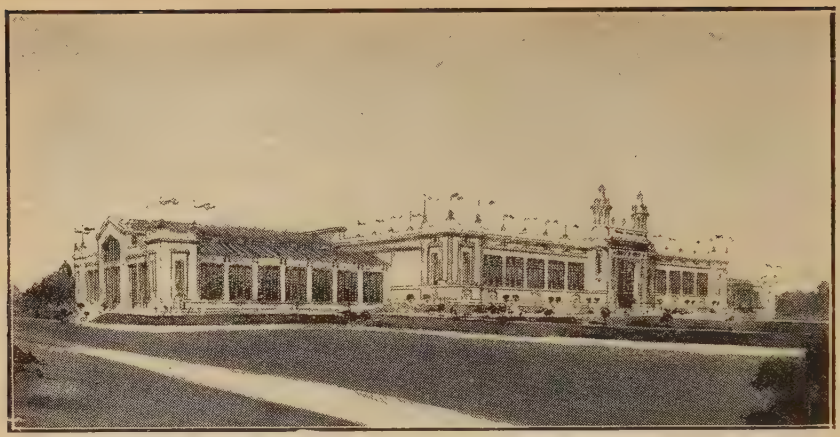
Of the product of Canadian mills the customs returns show that during the calendar year 1902 the export amounted to $2,511,664, leaving $1,871,518 for home use. In a general way, therefore, Canada exports 57 per cent. of her production. As seen by the foregoing figures, forest products of Canada are one of her main features, and the country yields the palm to none in the matter of natural resources.

The site for the British national pavilion at the World's Fair having been dedicated with due ceremony, the construction of the building is being rushed with the expectation of having it completed before winter. It is a large building, being a reproduction of the Orangery of Kensington Palace, London.

Water Craft at the World's Fair.—Electric launches, large electric barges, Venetian gondolas, and a large number of other small craft will ply the mile of waterways at the World's Fair next year. The lagoons reach every section of the main picture of the Exposition, passing by the facades of many of the big exhibit palaces and offering an unexampled view of the cascades and fountains.

THE TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.

Besides these boats there will be operated a fleet of water craft of all nations, including the house-boat of China, the balso of India, the outrigger of the South Sea Islands, the surf-boats of Hawaii, the canoes and dug-outs of the American Indian, and the catamaran of Australia. Novelty boats designed to represent peacocks, swans, sea-serpents, and other real



THE HORTICULTURAL BUILDING.

and fabled beings will also be operated.

The sculpture for the decoration of the buildings and grounds of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition is first modelled in the studios of the different sculptors commissioned to do the respective works, and is then enlarged or "built up" in a large workshop at Hoboken and at the World's Fair grounds in St. Louis. The work of enlarging requires the services of a large force of men, and makes a busy industry. Many of those so employed are students and young sculptors who thus obtain a livelihood while studying art and at the same time have an opportunity to make progress in knowledge of the art of sculpture and skill in modelling.

The preparation of the decorative sculpture for so vast an exposition is a monumental task. It engages the attention of over eighty sculptors, besides the large number of men—about ninety—employed in the enlargement work. This activity goes on under the direction of the well-known sculptor, Karl Bitter, who is assisted in the discharge of his important task by an advisory committee.

The Electricity Building has a frontage of 650 feet toward the north and 525 feet toward the east, facing the main lagoon. The design is a bold columnated treatment of the Corinthian order. On two sides of the building are loggias, which add pleasing effects of light and shadow.

THE VARIED INDUSTRIES BUILDING.

THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

A tremendous travelling crane, to be used in the installation of the big electrical machinery, which is to be shown in the building, will run on tracks in the western bay.

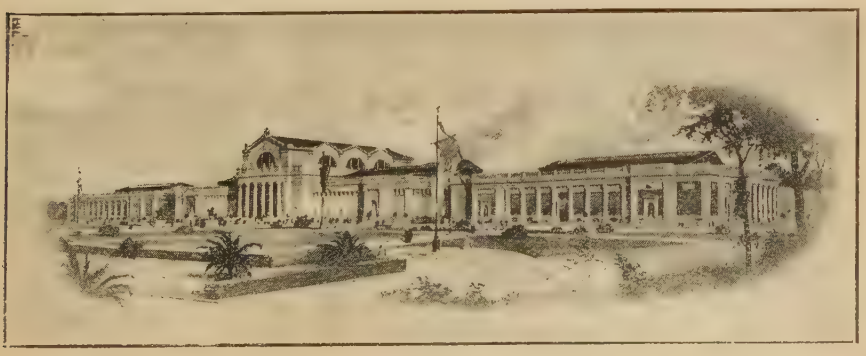
The Palace of Fine Arts of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, which will contain the products of the highest development of man, will be on top of Art Hill. Every effort has been made to preserve the present contour of the park around the Art Buildings. This makes it possible to preserve many more of the beautiful trees surrounding the building than could have been preserved by any scheme of filling and terracing away as is done in other similar locations.

The group is designed in graceful, well-proportioned Ionic style, accentuated at the main entrance of the centre building by a Corinthian order of majestic proportions. On this facade the architect has avoided the use of window openings, thus giving the building the accepted characteristic of an art palace.

The ground, 488 feet by 262 feet, enclosed on three sides by the Art Buildings, is designed as a sculpture garden in a highly ornamental and pleasing classic style. It is the desire of the architect to place here copies of antiques and to inlay the walls facing the garden with copies of tablets and mural sculptures that have brought down to us the art histories of the distant past.

A large and majestic hall for statuary is to extend through the centre of the building.

The Varied Industries Building is a magnificent structure on the outer perimeter of the main picture of the Fair. It presents a facade of 1,200 feet on the north and south, and 525 feet on the east and west, giving 656,250 feet of exhibition space, all on



THE ART BUILDING.

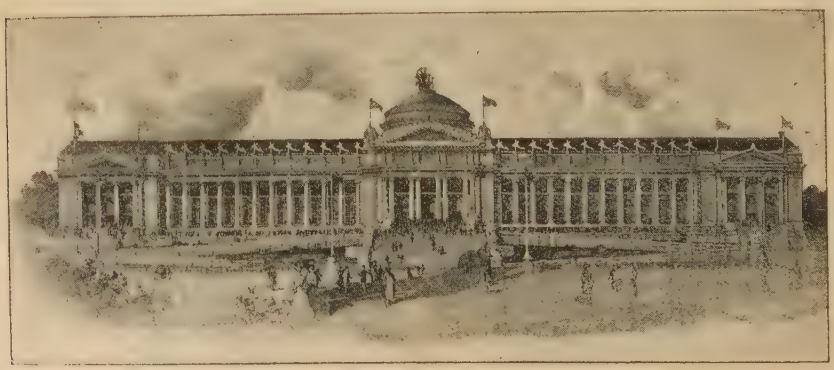
THE AGRICULTURE BUILDING.

the ground floor. It is a columnated design, embodying a free treatment of the Ionic order. In the centre of the north facade is a low dome flanked by towers about 200 feet high. These towering features afford ample space for electrical display and illumination. The colonnade construction on the main fronts affords protection for pedestrians from both sun and rain. In the centre of the structure are two large courts, affording light and ventilation to the building. Graceful iron sheds, or canopies, will be erected in the courts. The size and grace of this building adds materially to the beauty and attractiveness of the main picture of the Fair.

The Transportation Building will be 525 by 1,300 feet. This building covers over fifteen acres. The facades show almost a most pleasing adaptation of the French Renaissance. The building combines a feeling of the magnificent exposition building and of the high-class railroad depot which prevail on the European continent. These two essential elements are apparent throughout the structure. On the east and west fronts are three magnificent arches which embrace more than half of the entire facade.

The statuary is happily placed in front and at the base of the main piers at the sides of the grand openings. This affords sixteen groups, which will illustrate transportation in all its phases as well as the progress made in this science.

The Administration Building at the World's Fair is the principal structure of seven new and magnificent buildings, known as the Washington University group, which is to be the permanent home of this institution after the close of the Exposition.



THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

This building is in the Tudor Gothic style of architecture as exemplified in the college buildings of England of the time of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth. It is 325 by 118 feet, and in the shape of the letter "H," with an imposing centre entrance, the most noteworthy architectural effect of the structure. It consists of a massive tower, topped by four octagon towers. The facade of the tower is elaborately ornamented with canopied niches and with strong courses on which appear the heraldic shield bearing the university coat-of-arms.

The Horticulture Building is in the shape of a Greek cross, with a centre pavilion and two wings. It is the intention to force plants here during the winter and spring preceding the opening of the Exposition for use in landscape and bedding work about the grounds.

The Agriculture Building will stand on a hill just west of Skinker Road and about half a mile south of the Administration Building. Its dimensions will be 500 by 1,600 feet. The ornamentation is to be concentrated in the main entrances, the openings of which will be 52 feet wide and 74 feet high. It will probably be the best lighted structure of the Fair. Although the largest structure on the grounds, it will cost less than some of the buildings in the main architectural picture of the Fair. The contract price is $529,940.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

BY ADENE WILLIAMS.

Across the twilight fields of Time they ring,
Those Christmas bells of all the vanished years.
How tender is their echo in their ears
Of all the joys that home and friends can bring;
Of dear delusions that to childhood cling;
Of buoyant hopes, unvexed by anxious fears;
Of laughter mingled with no trace of tears—
How clear they ring! How faint their echoing!

And still they ring, with peal like that of yore,
The same, yet not the same; for more and more
Too bitter-sweet their undertones resound,
Commingling with the thoughts e'er circling round—
As doves their homes—those 'yond earth's changing climes:
On those rapt ears fall Heav'n's blest Christmas chimes.

—*The Pilgrim.*

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

ON THE WAY TO BETHLEHEM.

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no evil spirit walks;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,—
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

SWEETER carols than bird ever sang usher in the wintry weather. The poem of childhood was chanted by angels on the hills of Palestine nineteen hundred years ago, and its meaning has been deepening in the hearts of Christian men and women ever since.

Is it not beautiful that when the flowers of the wood and field have done blossoming, when the trees are leafless, and no birds make melody among the barren boughs, the whole world breaks out into singing over the cradle of its dearest Child?

Some of the Christmas carols are as simple as nursery-songs, and rude as the ages in which they began to be sung, when Christianity itself was in its childhood. The wassail-cups and yule-fires of the old Saxons were often strangely mixed up with the tender and sacred birthday-story of the New Testament. Sometimes these carols were sung by children at the mansion window or door:

Here we come a-wassailing
Among the leaves so green;
Here we come a-wandering,
So fair to be seen.
Love and joy come to you,
And to your wassail too,
And God bless you, and send you
A Happy New Year!

We are not daily beggars,
That beg from door to door:
But we are neighbours' children,
Whom you have seen before.
God bless the master of this house,
God bless the mistress too,
And all the little children
That round the table go.

There are others which, through their very simplicity, carry us back to the hills where the watching shepherds listened to the song of the angels, so many centuries ago, so that we hear with them the first notes of that celestial anthem whose echo will never die away from the earth. Listen to this:

All in the time of winter,
When the fields were white with snow,
A babe was born in Bethlehem,
A long, long time ago.

MADONNA AND CHILD.
—By Max.

Oh, what a thing was that, good folks,
That the Lord whom we do know,
Should have been a babe for all our sakes,
To take away our woe!

Not in a golden castle,
Was this sweet baby born,
But only in a stable,
With cattle and with corn:
But forth afield the angels
Were singing in the air;
And when the shepherds heard the news,
To that Child they did repair.

The sweet old carols sung by village waits or minstrels from house to house will never lose their charm so long as tender memories of Christmas in old lands beyond the sea shall fill the heart. Many of them have come down the centuries mingling with the sweet jangling and tender yet thrilling associations of the Christmas bells. The following is one of the gladdest and sweetest of them all:

Carol, carol Christians,
Carol joyfully,
Carol for the coming
Of Christ's Nativity;
And pray a gladsome Christmas
For all good Christian men,
Carol, carol, Christians,
For Christmas come again.
Carol, carol.

Go ye to the forest,
Where the myrtles grow,
Where the pine and laurel
Bend beneath the snow;
Gather them for Jesus;
Wreathe them for His shrine;
Make His temple glorious,
With the box and pine.
Carol, carol.

Wreath your Christmas garland,
Where to Christ we pray;
It shall smell like Carmel
On our festal day;
Libanus and Sharon
Shall not greener be,
Then our holy chancel
On Christ's Nativity,
Carol, carol.

Carol, carol, Christians,
Like the Magi now,
Ye must lade your caskets
With a grateful vow:
Ye must have sweet incense,
Myrrh and finest gold,
At our Christmas altar,
Humbly to unfold.
Carol, carol.

Give us grace, O Saviour,
To put off in might,
Deeds and dreams of darkness,
For the robes of light!
And to live as lowly,
As Thyself with men;
So to rise in glory,
When Thou com'st again.
Carol, carol.

MADONNA AND CHILD.
—By Max.

MADONNA AND CHILD.

Still more ecclesiastical in its character is the following monkish rhyme with its Latin refrain, which was lustily chanted for hundreds of years by processions of serge-clad choristers in vaulted minster and in cloistered abbey :

Christ was born on Christmas Day ;
Wreathe the holly, twine the bay ;
Christus natus hodie :
The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary.
He is born to set us free,
He is born our LORD to be,
Ex Maria Virgine :
The God, the Lord, by all adored for ever.

Let the bright red berries glow,
Everywhere in goodly show ;
Christus natus hodie :
The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary.
Christian men rejoice and sing,
'Tis the birthday of a King,
Ex Maria Virgine :
The God, the Lord, by all adored for ever.

More ancient than any of these, and of a quaint and simple charm is the legend of Joseph and the angel. The now obsolete forms of some of the words will be noticed.

As Joseph was a-walking, he heard an angel sing ;
His song was on the coming of Christ our Saviour King.

"He neither shall in housen be born, nor yet in hall ;
Nor in the place of Paradise, but in an ox's stall."

"He neither shall be clothed in purple nor in pall,
But in the fair white linen that usen babies all.
He neither shall be rockèd in silver nor in gold ;
But in a wooden manger that rocks upon the mould."

Then be ye glad, good people, this night of all the year ;
And light ye up your candles, His star it shineth near.
And all in earth and heaven, our Christmas Carol sing,
Good-will and Peace and Glory, and all the bells shall ring !

The story of the Wise Men of the East, or the "three Gipsy kings," Gaspar, Melchior, and Belshazzar, as they are generally called, is related in a great number of these Christmas carols. Sometimes, as fortune-tellers, they predict in mysterious wise the strange blending of glory and of shame in the life of our Lord.

The gifts of the Wise Men are often represented as emblematic of the divinity, the regal office, and the humanity of Christ. Aurum, thus, myrrham, regique Deo, hominique,

MADONNA AND CHILD.
—By Courtois.

dona ferunt, says Juvencus: "They offered Him incense as their God, gold as their king, and myrrh as a man subject to suffering and death." This idea is beautifully expressed in the following musical carol:

THE WISE MEN FROM THE EAST.

O'er the hill and o'er the vale
Come three kings together,
Caring naught for snow and hail,
Cold, and wind, and weather;
Now on Persia's sandy plains,
Now where Tigris swells with rains,
They their camels tether.
Now through Syrian lands they go,
Now through Moab, faint and slow,
Now o'er Edom's heather.

O'er the hill and o'er the vale,
Each king bears a present;
Wise men go a Child to hail,
Monarchs seek a peasant;
And a star in front proceeds,
Over rocks and rivers leads,
Shines and beams incessant;
Therefore onward, onward still,
Ford the stream and climb the hill,—
Love makes all things pleasant.

He is God ye go to meet,
Therefore incense proffer;
He is King ye go to greet,
Gold is in your coffer.
Also Man: He comes to share
Every woe that man can bear,—
Tempter, railer, scoffer,—
Therefore now, against the day
In the grave when Him they lay,
Myrrh ye also offer.

The sweetest thought of Christmas is that of the human mother and the Divine Child—the lowly Mary of Nazareth and the Holy Babe of Bethlehem. It is the central conception of religious art. Over and over again in endless iteration is the tender theme repeated on altar-piece and painted window, in carving and mosaic, often rude and inartistic, but instinct with sacred feeling. Upon these, too, the wealth of genius has been lavished. No pictures in the world have such a value. For Raphael's Madonna in the National Gallery the British Government paid the large sum of $350,000. His Sistine Madonna at Dresden is worth even more, and many others are nearly of equal value, while for one Mr. Pierpont Morgan paid $500,000.

The influence of this ideal of purity and tenderness in an age of violence and unruth can never be measured. Often the idea presented is that of peasant motherhood, lowly, tender, and pure, but its very humanness and the innocent helplessness of the Babe of Bethlehem will appeal with the greater force to the rude, unlettered worshippers. Sometimes, too, vaguely seen in the background, a chorus of angelic figures hover in adoration, a suggestion of the universal homage to the Divine Child.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

NEW PRINCE, NEW POMP.

(Robert Southwell, the writer of the following poem, is chiefly remembered on account of his unfortunate fate. He was educated for the Catholic priesthood, and when young became a member of the Society of Jesus at Rome. After a time he returned to his own country in the character of a missionary. But he found the Government adverse to his Order. For eight years he managed to escape the particular notice of the authorities, but at length he was arrested, and thrown into prison, where he endured the torture of the rack ten times. Eventually he was executed at Tyburn, February 21st, 1595.)

Behold a silly* tender Babe,
In freezing winter night,
In homely manger trembling lies;
Alas! a piteous sight.

The inns are full, no man will yield
This little Pilgrim bed;
But forced is He with silly beasts
In crib to shroud His head.
Despise Him not for lying here,
First what He is inquire:
An Orient pearl is often found
In depths of dirty mire.
Weigh not His crib, His wooden dish,
Nor beasts that by Him feed:
Weigh not his mother's poor attire,
Nor Joseph's simple weed.
This stable is a Prince's court,
The crib His chair of state;
The beasts are parcel of His pomp,
The wooden dish His plate;
The persons in that poor attire,
His royal liveries wear;
The Prince Himself is come from Heaven,
This pomp is prizèd there.
With joy approach, O Christian wight,
Do homage to Thy King;
And highly praise His humble pomp,
Which He from Heaven doth bring.

* Artless, simple.

FOR CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MORNING.

This is the popular English version of the "Golden Carol." In Noel, the French word for Christmas, or Christmas-carol, is corrupted to "Nowell." With regard to the three poor shepherds, alluded to in the second line, Mr. Sandys remarks, that according to some legends the number was four, called Misael, Achael, Cyriacus, and Stephanus, and these, with the names of the Three Kings, were used as a charm to cure the biting of serpents, and other venomous reptiles and beasts. In the seventh of the Chester Mysteries, the shepherds, who are there but three, have the more homely names of Harvey, Tudd, and Trowle, and are Cheshire or Lancashire boors by birth and habits. Trowle's gift to our Saviour is a pair of mittens.

The first Noel the Angel did say,
Was to three poor Shepherds in the fields as they lay;
In the fields where they lay keeping their sheep
In a cold winter's night that was so deep.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel.

They looked up and saw a Star
Shining in the East beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so continued both day and night.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel.

And by the light of that same Star,
Three Wise Men came from land afar;
To seek for a King was their intent,
And to follow the Star wherever it went.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel.

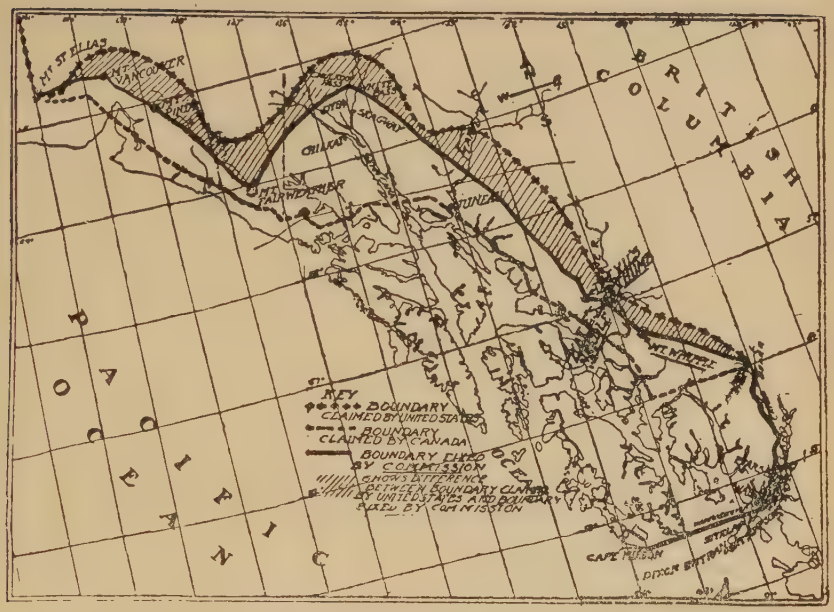
This Star drew nigh to the North-West,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stoop and stay
Right over the place where Jesus lay.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel.

Then did they know assuredly
Within that house the King did lie:
One entered in there for to see,
But found the Babe in poverty.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel.

Then entered all the Wise Men three
Most reverently upon their knee,
And offer'd there in His presence,
Both gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel.

Now let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord,
That did make heaven and earth of nought,
But with His blood mankind hath bought.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel.

Current Topics and Events.

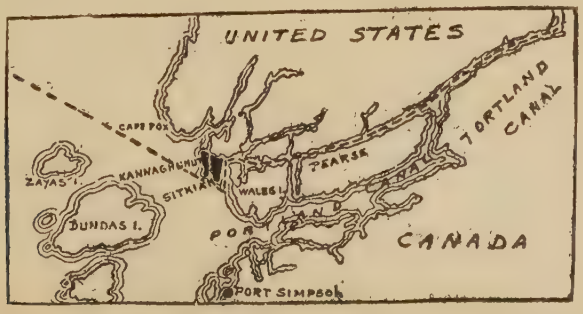


THE BOUNDARY AWARD.

Our map shows that the United States by no means got all that it claimed in the Alaskan award, the shaded strip showing the amount ceded Canada by the United States. But so long as we are shut out from all access to the sea, this strip will do us little good. Canada will abide by the decision to which she became a party, but the grievance will rankle unless the statement of the Canadian commissioners is proved false, that Lord Alverstone decided adversely to the admission which he had made that Canada's claim at Portland Inlet was incontestable.

What Canada resents is not the loss of the Alaska littoral, but the sense of injustice, the feeling that we are wronged. Loss of territory we could endure, but against injustice we protest, and would not be sons of the blood if we did not protest.

It is no disloyalty to stand up for one's constitutional rights. What Lord Chatham said of the poor man's house in England is true of all parts of the Empire: "In England every man's house is his castle. Not that it is surrounded with walls and battlements; it may be a straw-built shed. Every wind of heaven may whistle round it, every element of heaven



HOW TWO ISLANDS WERE SECURED FOR THE UNITED STATES.

This map, which is from an American journal, shows the departure from the natural boundary which it was necessary for the majority of the tribunal to make to give the United States Sitklan and Kannaghunut Islands.

may enter it, but the king cannot—the king dare not." The words of "Junius" are still true: "The subject who is truly loyal to the Chief Magistrate will neither advise nor submit to arbitrary measures."

Canada's mistake was in submitting the question at all to a tribunal of which the three American members were active politicians who had publicly denounced the Canadian contention and would sign their political death-warrants if they admitted it. Canada would be willing to submit the question, we believe, to three "impartial jurists of repute" of the United States, the judges of their Supreme Court, but this that grasping and greedy country refused to permit, and from regard to imperial interests Canada consented to a one-sided tribunal. Lord Alverstone may assume the haughty attitude of declining to explain what the Canadian commissioners declare to be his tergiversation, but he cannot escape trial at the bar of history.

Rubbing It In.

The American papers are not very pleasant reading for Canadians just now. Many of them are exulting over the fact that the United States has secured a coast line seven hundred miles long, the principal advantage of which is that it excludes Canada from entrance to her own immense territory in the Klondike. The cartoonists are making merry at our expense. Brother Jonathan, an overgrown giant, is shown as getting a generous bumper from a flask labelled "Arbitration Award," while Canada, a little, starved boy, gets only a smell of the cork. Another shows Jonathan as having made three immense bites out of the Canadian pie, and wondering what he will take next. Another shows Canada as an angry small boy, throwing stones at his burly father, while Uncle Sam is wondering whether he should adopt such an unruly cub. In another Johnny

TO FRIENDSHIP.

Canada—"Great blizzards! and so I've got to make merry on the cork!"
—From the Chicago News.

RUNNING AWAY FROM HOME.

"He'll be sorry when he finds out I've gone."
—Ireland, in the Columbus Dispatch.

Canuck is threatening to whip both John Bull and Uncle Sam.

Our position is misunderstood by both British and American writers. The Methodist Times represents us as saying in effect: "We stood by Great Britain whether she was right or wrong in the Boer war, and expect her to stand by us whether right or wrong in the Alaska business." This is utterly erroneous. We stood by Great Britain because we thought she was right. We expected Great Britain to stand by us because not only did we think we were right, but in the matter of the Portland Channel Lord Alverstone thought so, too, but veered around from the position which he held, and without notifying his colleagues he surrendered two strategic islands to the United States, and indeed acted, as The Methodist Times asserts, "as an umpire." T` is the very thing of which we complain. He had no business to be an umpire, but to decide strictly on the evidence. It is folly for him to get upon his dignity, and refuse to give the reasons for his change of base.

Some American writers think that our resentment against the mother country is so great that we will fall right into the arms of the United States. The thing is another great mistake. Our resentment is keener than ever against the people who refused just terms of arbitration and packed the jury to secure a favourable vote. Canadians refuse to be pawns or stool pigeons of political parties on either side of the sea. We have no intention of running away from home, as shown in one cartoon. We still glory in the red-cross flag as the grandest flag beneath the sun, but we use a daughter's privilege to protest against injustice even from a mother.

A Nation spoke to a Nation,
A Queen sent word to a Throne:
"Daughter, am I in my mother's house,
But mistress in my own.
The gates are mine to open,
As the gates are mine to close,
And I set my house in order,"
Said our Lady of the Snows.

King Edward as a Peacemaker.

King Edward has established his record as a peacemaker. A few years ago, when France was on the verge of war with Britain over the Fashoda affair, and was showing keenest sympathy with Kruger and strongest antipathy towards Britain during the Boer war, it would seem impossible to overcome the international estrangement. But the tact and skill of our peacemaking King in his visit to France, and the subsequent conclusion of a treaty to submit all international differences to arbitration, fairly makes the super-armed Europe in Mr. Racey's clever cartoon stare as if he could hardly believe his eyes. The angel of peace is guiding the new-fangled automobile along the route so often made hideous by war, while John Bull and Johnny Crapaud are hugging and smiling like long-lost brothers. The gentle art of the cartoonist is much better employed in thus promoting good will among the nations than in his more frequent role of stirring up strife.

"Another victory has been secured for the Hague Tribunal," says The Outlook. "France and Great Britain have engaged that they will refer to the Hague for settlement any differences that may arise between the two nations relating to the interpretation of treaties, provided they do not affect territorial rights or national honour. Yet it means something, and a good deal. It is the first case in which

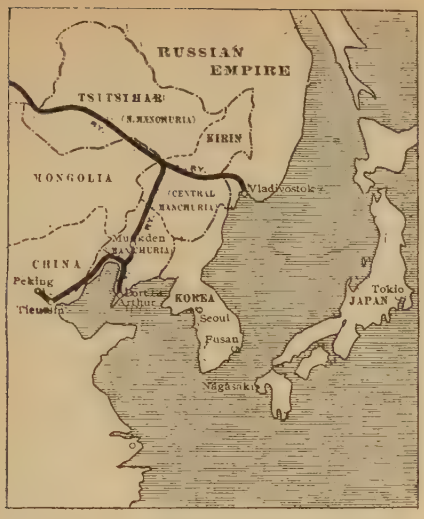
EUROPE: "WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT."

two European powers have agreed to refer their differences to this new court, and it sets a precedent which is a matter of great importance. The Hague Tribunal looms larger and larger. It is not at all pleasant to be compelled to see Great Britain turning to France for the first arbitration treaty of the kind, after our own Senate had rejected a general arbitration treaty with Great Britain. Encouraged by what France has done, we hope to see our Department of State once more present a similar treaty, which no one-third of our Senate will dare to reject."

Russia in Manchuria.

Our map shows the tremendous hold that Russia has gained upon Manchuria and the way it threatens the interests of Japan. The Japanese regard Corea, a large and thinly peopled country, as the necessary sphere for the overflow of their already densely peopled and mountainous homeland. Russia is equally anxious to secure it because it severs her two Pacific ports, Vladivostok and Port Arthur, and prevents any concerted action between her separated fleets. Russia, despite her solemn promises to evacuate Manchuria, holds on with keenest tenacity, is hurrying troops, munitions of war, and hospital stores to the Far East. If Japan can only succeed in waking the sleeping giant, China, to some effort for self-preservation, she may yet circumvent the plots of the Slavic despotism.

The Russian liberal review, "Osvobozhdenie," says that Russia has made, and is making, "enormous and senseless expenditures of men and money in order to create an accursed Yellow Russia," which has no real value for the Russian people. The



THE STORM CENTRE IN THE FAR EAST.

Russian cost of the Chinese war was, in round numbers, 105,000,000 rubles (about $210,000,000). Together with the strengthening of the navy and the construction of the Eastern-Chinese Railway, the Government has spent in the Far East more than three times that amount. The significance to the Russian people of the Government's expenditure of 600,000,000 or 700,000,000 rubles in Manchuria will become apparent when we state that for half that sum it would be possible to give a good primary education to the whole illiterate population of the empire. Consider it, people of Russia! Is not this a crime against which every patriotic citizen should protest?

The American Review of Reviews urged the idea that the United States should encourage the secession of Panama from Colombia. The Philadelphia Ledger, however, declares: "It would be hard to find in our history a more perfidious proposition made from a reputable source. Its adoption would mark the apostasy of the American people, our abandonment among the place of honourable nations. The suggestion of the thing is monstrous." Yet this very thing is what seems to have come to pass. It is the story of Naboth's vineyard over again.

Mr. Chamberlain is making remarkable progress in his protectionist campaign. The people dearly love a good fighter, and that "pushful Joe" has ever been. Only a general election can tell how widespread and deep may be the revolt against the fiscal policy of fifty years. The fight waxes warm. The British workingman, in our judgment, is more handicapped by his enormous expenditure in drink and in sport, than he is by the alleged superior intelligence of his German compatriots. Were he as thrifty as the German he could distance him in the race.

The Book Trade.

The best houses find it to their interest to employ our advertising pages to reach a very desirable class of persons. This is especially true of the book trade. Few family magazines reach so many preachers and teachers and households of culture as does this. The book trade in Canada has become a very important industry. Printing and publishing in Toronto absorb more capital than any other branch of trade. Our own Publishing House has grown enormously, so have others. The George N. Morang Company issue a splendid catalogue of high-class books, the most notable book of the year, or of many years, being Morley's "Life of Gladstone," of which they are the Canadian publishers. The Copp, Clark Company, the Gage Company, and others, also publish a large number of high-class works. The Fleming Revell Company devotes its attention specially to books of religious and missionary and devotional character, of which they have a splendid catalogue, some of which are noticed elsewhere.

Doctor Joseph: "Yes, Mr. Bull, you must pay attention to your diet—avoid foreign break fast foods and take more colonial wheat, corn and bacon."—Toronto Star.

Religious Intelligence.

The Methodist Woman's Missionary Society.

It always warms our hearts to receive the annual visit of our Woman's Missionary Society. Special anniversary services were held in Sherbourne Street Methodist Church this year, and the church was thronged with delegates and friends.

The reports show that the Society at present has seventy-eight missionaries and associates in the field, forty of these being in active work. In Japan it has sixteen missionaries on duty; three schools, attended by 391 pupils, 135 of whom are baptized; two orphanages, containing twenty-four children, and three day-schools for the poor, with thirty-eight pupils.

A strong appeal for more workers was made. May the call not fall upon deaf ears! Much interest was added to the meetings by the presence of Miss Hattie Jost, Miss Ida Sifton, and Miss Lizzie Hart, missionaries on furlough from Japan. All spoke of the increasing interest of the Japanese in Christian teaching, and the great need of more workers. Three candidates for mission work were received, and officially recognized by the Society. They are Miss Dumfries, of Winnipeg; Miss Humber, and Miss De Wolf, now at the Deaconess Training Home. The first named will be assigned to their respective stations in the spring. Miss De Wolf will go to Japan, where she will be employed in kindergarten work.

The missionaries to the Galicians are to be appointed later in the season.

A cheering feature of the convention was the report of the Publication Committees and the Literary Department, showing that the spread of missionary literature is decidedly on the increase. The Outlook has received many new subscribers, and its receipts exceed those of last year by $333. The Palm Branch, the mission paper for the Maritime Provinces, also shows a surplus, and a goodly addition to its list of subscribers.

American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

This great Missionary Society has now twenty missions scattered throughout many countries. The diverse nature of the work is shown by its twenty-eight hospitals and forty-two dispensaries, treating a quarter of a million patients last year; by its thirteen colleges, with five thousand students; and its industrial schools. The various mission presses produce about 100,000 pages daily. The system of self-support is encouraged, as far as possible, among the churches. Last year the churches in the various fields contributed $170,000 to the support of the work, and had six thousand members added to them. The report for the past year shows no debt, but the growth of the work has been restricted by lack of means to enter open doors.

New Sayings of Jesus.

The excavations at Oxyrhynchus in Egypt, says The Independent, have produced another fragment of a Greek papyrus containing some new "logia" which seem to be as important as those discovered in 1897 at the same place. The new papyrus is very imperfectly preserved, but contains six sayings, each of them introduced, as in the document earlier found, by the words "Jesus saith," and the whole is introduced as "the words which Jesus, the living Lord, spake" to two of his disciples. Two of the sayings are to be found in the Gospel as we have it. These are: "The Kingdom of God is within you," and "Many that are first shall be last, and the last shall be first." Part of one of the others, "He that wanders shall reign and he that reigns shall rest," is quoted by Clement of Alexandria as from the Gospel according to the Hebrews.

A practical example of religious fraternity lies before us. It is The Outlook, the official organ of the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches of New Zealand. It contains many articles of interest to both of these denominations. We remember the time when a state of very active polemics existed between these Churches. That time happily has gone. The great essential verities on which we are all agreed are those which are emphasized in this paper, which will cultivate earnestly the things which make for peace, good-will, and brotherhood.

The Sale of College Degrees.

An amusing case in the English Courts has been the charge of libel against The Christian World by the Rev. Charles Garnett. Mr. Garnett is a London Congregational minister who has been flourishing the degrees of B.A., M.A., B.D., D.D., which he received from the University of Harriman, Tenn., pro merito, not pro honoris, to quote the Latin of that institution. The officers of the Congregational Union declined to insert his name in the Year Book with these letters affixed. The Christian World described these degrees as "contemptible and worthless." Mr. Garnett forthwith entered suit for libel against that paper.

In the trial of the case it was brought out that Dr. Garnett had paid $80 in all for his four degrees. He admitted that he had never visited Harriman University, but had simply passed an oral examination conducted by a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Philadelphia. Harriman University in no way corresponded with the descriptions given in its circulars. Professor Henry Davies, of Yale, had visited Harriman, and testified that he could find only five of the forty professors named in the Faculty; one, the professor of astronomy, is a practising dentist; another a manufacturer of homoeopathic remedies; a third, the director of the School of Domestic Science, is a Mrs. Dr. Crow, caretaker of one of the buildings, in which there are no students, but which is occupied by the family of an agent of the Standard Oil Company. Mr. Garnett's suit was practically laughed out of court.

Harriman University, it appears, is authorized by the laws of Tennessee to confer degrees, for which its usual charge is $10. Mr. Garnett was authorized to examine candidates in England. It is to be greatly regretted that degrees that were meant to be expressive of honour should thus be made a subject of laughter and derision. It is still more to be regretted that ministers of the Gospel should thus seek unmerited honours.

The next General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church is to be honoured with the presence of a number of women delegates. Elections have already taken place in several of the Conferences, and from most of them a lady delegate is being sent. Compared with the total membership, the percentage of ladies will, however, be small.

Eminent Dead.

Mr. Lecky was the first English historian to give an adequate recognition and treatment of the phenomena of Methodism as a factor in the national life. A generous proportion of his history is devoted to a sympathetic study of the great revival of the eighteenth century, all the more noteworthy in that Mr. Lecky was himself rationalistic in his views, as is shown by his "History of Rationalism in Europe" and his "History of European Morals." As a man he was almost ascetic in character, a kind-hearted Irish landlord, and a hard-working member of the British House of Commons. In our Bicentenary number of this magazine we quoted largely from Mr. Lecky's treatment of Methodism.

Dr. Mommsen was a typical German scholar, a man of profound classical erudition, and like the late Dr. McCaul, of Toronto University, one of the ablest epigraphists in the world. He had reached the venerable age of eighty-six. He was the son of a Lutheran pastor, and his life was divided between the rather inconsistent occupations of politics and literature. He took an active part in the revolution of 1848, and lost his German professorship, but was soon recalled to Breslau, and in 1858 to Berlin. In 1882 he was tried on the charge of traducing Prince Bismarck, but was vindicated by the Imperial High Court of Appeals. He took a strong stand against the anti-Semitic movement which disgraced the character of many of his countrymen. He was exceedingly bitter against Britain during the Boer war, but shortly before his death expressed great admiration for that country and desire for German alliance. His greatest work was his "History of Rome," the rival in learning and comprehension of Gibbon's immortal "Decline and Fall." It has been translated into many languages. He is regarded by the Germans as their greatest historical writer. The list of his works occupies more than sixty pages. Unlike most literary men, he was the father of a very large family of sixteen children. He was exceedingly venerable

in appearance, and worked at his desk almost to the day of his death.

The tragic death of Mrs. Booth-Tucker caused profound sympathy throughout the continent. Her bereaved father pays her the tribute of being, next to her sainted mother, first

MRS. BOOTH-TUCKER.

among the many noble and consecrated women whom he had ever known. She was born at Gateshead, England, in 1860, was educated from childhood to the Christian work, and at twenty had charge of hundreds of young women in training-homes. In 1888 she married Frederick de Latour Tucker, and was with him the pioneer of the Salvation Army in the East Indies. After the withdrawal of Ballington Booth from the Army, the Booth-Tuckers came to take charge of the work in the United States. Her consecrated zeal, her eloquence, her tact, won the sympathy of multitudes, among them men of wealth and influence, who greatly aided the Army in its philanthropic work. Mrs. Booth-Tucker was the mother of seven children, without neglecting her duty to whom she travelled yearly many thousands of miles, and became a power for good not surpassed since the lamented death of Miss Willard, whom, in her masterful grasp of great questions, she much resembled. Though commanding large sums of money for works of mercy and love, through motives of economy she was travelling in a tourist car when she met her death by collision, while the Pullman in which she should have travelled was only slightly injured.

It was a severe blow to the venerable General and to her sister, Commissioner Booth, of Canada. This lady, though very ill at the time, yet failed not to attend her sister's funeral. We greatly regret that, for some reason we cannot understand, over the coffin of this good woman a reconciliation with Ballington Booth did not take place. Many thousands of persons of both Chicago and New York, chiefly the poor and lowly, whom she had uplifted, paid their last sad tribute of love to this sainted woman.

OUTWARD BOUND.

BY HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

The hour has come. Strong hands the anchor raise;
Friends stand and weep along the fading shore
In sudden fear lest we return no more,
In sudden fancy that he safer stays
Who stays behind; that some new danger lays
New snare in each fresh path untold before.
Ah, foolish heart! in fate's mysterious lore
Is written no such choice of plan and days;
Each hour has its own peril and escape;
In most familiar things' familiar shape
New danger comes without or sight or sound;
No sea more foreign rolls than breaks each morn
Across our threshold, when the day is born;
We sail at sunrise daily "outward bound."

—*Christian Advocate.*

Book Notices.

"Aids to the Study of Dante." By Charles Allen Dinsmore. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Pp. xiv-435. Price, $1.50 net.

The poet Dante is the dominant personality of the Middle Ages. No writer outside the canon of Scripture has so moulded the thought and art of Christendom. "The Divina Commedia," says Dean Church, is one of the landmarks of history. It is more than the beginning of a language or the opening of a national literature. It is one of those rare and solemn monuments of the mind's power which measure and teach what it can reach. Like the Iliad, it has never become out of date." The great poet ranks with Homer, Shakespeare, Plato, and Bacon.

Nearly a hundred years before the time of Chaucer, Dante created the Italian language in a more striking sense than that in which Chaucer became the Father of English poetry. He towers above all the men of his age or of any age, like the Jungfrau above the Oberland. Amid the flood of frivolous reading it is well to turn to the study of such great masters as Dante, Shakespeare, Browning—the literature of power.

The legend that Dante studied in Paris and Oxford is purely mythical, but his learning was encyclopedic. His vision of Beatrice Portinari on the Lung Arno of Florence, in his nineteenth year, became the guiding star of his life, the inspirer of his muse, and his companion through the realms of gloom. He was exiled from Florence for nineteen years for a charge which he scorned to deny. He was threatened with death by fire if taken alive—"Igni comburatur sic quod moriatur." His repentant townsmen begged in vain for the restoration of his ashes from their lonely grave at Ravenna, and to-day Florence perpetuates in marble, as its most glorious memory, its most illustrious son.

After six hundred years Dante dominates like a pervading presence the Lily City of the Arno. You are still pointed out the house in which "the divine poet" was born, and the stone on which he sat and watched the rise of Bruneleschi's dome, while the schoolboys with bated breath whispered, "That's the man who has been in hell."

Mr. Dinsmore is an enthusiast in the study of this great poet. He collates from many sources material for the study of his life and work. He calls to his aid the ablest students of Dante—Professor Norton, Dean Church, James Bryce, Professor Saintsbury, and many others. An illuminative chapter is that by Professor Lowell on the Divina Commedia, the Embodiment of the Christian Idea of a Triumphant Life. Dante is difficult to read in either the original or translation. The best prose version of the Inferno is that by Dr. John Carlyle, who exhibits much of the rugged strength of his more famous brother Thomas. Longfellow has all the sweetness of the Italian poet, but lacks at times his terse and tremendous strength. Mr. Dinsmore is at his best in his study of the Paradiso. He gives quaint maps and tables of the geography and astronomy of Dante's great trilogy, and presents several portraits, from varied sources, of the great poet.

"Within the Pale." The True Story of Anti-Semitic Persecutions in Russia. By Michael Davitt. Author of "Leaves from a Prison Diary," etc., etc. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xiv-300. Price, $1.20 net.

With much that Mr. Davitt has written and said we do not agree, but we are in hearty sympathy with his indignant protest against the brutal persecution of the Jews by Russia. No matter how the Russian press may lie about the Kishineff massacre, Mr. Davitt gives us the cold facts. He interviewed the wounded in the hospitals and saw the graves of the dead, gives us the names, age, and circumstances of their persecution and death. It makes one's blood now run cold with horror, now boil with indignation, at the bare recital of these wrongs. These outrages are only the culmination of long centuries of bitter persecution. In reciting this tale of sorrow, he asserts that he has followed Russian and not Jewish guidance, for

some Russians are as indignant as any others at this shame and disgrace of a so-called civilized nation. Among the instigators and worst actors in this drama of outrage were the students in the seminaries, and the soldiers and police who, instead of protecting the Jews protected their murderers. The nameless and shameless wrongs heaped upon defenceless men, women, and children are a blot upon the Russian name, which, like the blood on the hands of Lady Macbeth, can never be washed away.

"Songs from the Hearts of Women." One Hundred Famous Hymns and Their Writers. By Nicholas Smith. Autnor of "Stories of Great National Songs," etc. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xviii.-271. Price, $1.40 net.

To write a great hymn is one of the grandest of Christian achievements. Such a song will go singing round the world, and lift millions of souls nearer to the heart of God. This book contains a hundred of the best hymns ever written by women—and they have written many of the best in the world. Their finer sympathies, their keener perceptions, their facility of utterance, their fervour of faith, give them a spiritual insight and a tenderness of sympathy which men often fail to reach. In this book a hundred of the best hymns of the sweetest singers of the centuries, from Madame Guyon to Mary Lathbury, and others still living, are collected. Brief biographical notes and elucidations are given, which greatly enhance the value of the volume. Some of the choicest hymns of Charlotte Elliott, Miss Flowers, Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Stowe, Elizabeth Prentiss, Fanny Crosby, Miss Proctor, Miss Havergal, and a company of honourable women not a few, are given. The book contains the "finest of the wheat," and will make a beautiful holiday gift.

"The Five Nations." By Rudyard Kipling. Toronto: George N. Morang Co. Pp. xiii-215. Price, $1.50.

It would be hard for Kipling to surpass his noble volume, "The Seven Seas," which captured the ear of the world. To say that this collection equals some of the best he has even written is highest praise. The sea-songs breathe the very breath of the ocean,

"The heave and the halt and the hurl and the crash
Of the comber wind-hounded."

"The Bell Buoy," "The White Horses," "The Dykes," all embody the great elemental forces of the mighty, majestic sea. Here are songs of empire that make the Little Englander, with his "seven by nine" policy, seem ineffably small. Kipling's visit to South Africa, with its illimitable expanses and grand possibilities, has given a vigour to his verse that makes each line throb with life. He voices the dumb, inarticulate feeling of the "service man," and pays a generous tribute to Joubert and Piet, our fallen foes. The references to Canada, and her share in the empire-building, are generous and just. The book is of such importance that we shall make it the subject of a special article.

"Pictures of Christ Framed in Prayers." A Devotional Life of Jesus. By Joseph Dawson. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 232.

This is a gem of a book, a veritable edition de luxe, with short poems of very superior merit on the life of our Lord, and beautiful borders printed in carmine and purple. Every scene and parable touching on the blessed life is here summarized. As an illustration of the high merit of the verse we quote a few lines appropriate to the season:

When Christ was born in the days of old,
They cradled Him where lay the beast,
Yet sages travelled from the East
To bring Him gifts of spice and gold;
And wisest of the wise are they
Who give the Child their best to-day.

The shepherds watching with their sheep
Knew not until celestial light
And voices leapt into the night,
As swords will out of scabbards leap:
And simple-hearted watchers still,
Oft hear at night the angels trill.

When through the streets the whisper went
That Christ was born—the Heavenly King
Who should the great deliverance bring,
All hearts were moved at the event:
And though great years have passed since then,
The Babe still stirs the hearts of men.

"Old Testament History." By Henry Preserved Smith, D.D., Professor of Biblical History and Interpretation in Amherst College. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Pp. xxv-512.

It is a curious coincidence to find this book by Professor Smith in a series edited by his old antagonist, Professor Briggs. It is somewhat suggestive of the promised time when the lion shall lie down with the lamb. Professor Smith's book is designed to do for the present period what Dean Stanley's "History of Israel" accomplished for his. It puts into narrative form the result of recent Old Testament study. It discusses temperately the new or higher criticism between which and textual criticism the line of demarkation, says our author, cannot be easily drawn. The book gives evidence of wide knowledge of the discussions of recent scholarship. It throws an illuminative light upon the history of Israel on which the thought of Christendom has been focused for many months in our current Sunday-school lessons. It makes the historic unity and continuity of the narrative more apparent, and cannot fail to be greatly helpful in the study of the ancient oracles of God.

Mr. Smith has come under the spell of the higher criticism. In dealing with the origins and patriarchs in Genesis he seems befogged with doubt. In dissecting the narrative he destroys its spirit and life. The individual patriarchs are eponyms or appellations of tribes and clans. This mode of criticism seems to us to eviscerate the sacred narrative. True criticism should, we think, be positive and constructive, not negative and destructive.

"The Story of the Churches." The Methodists." By John Alfred Faulkner, D.D. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 264. Price, $1.00.

This series of books is intended to give a concise and clear sketch of the history of the several denominations of Christendom. The books on the Presbyterians and the Baptists have already appeared; the most recent edition, that on the Methodists, will be read with special interest during this bicentennial year. It is written in animated and popular style, it traces the rise and development of Methodism in the Old World and the New, its territorial expansion and progress in education, material resources, missionary enterprise. A score of pages is devoted to a brief resume of Canadian history. British Methodism is recognized as the mother of churches, but some of her numerous offspring had better remain in the old home than break up into so many and often estranged divisions. Canada has set the world the first and brightest example of the reunion of these severed branches. The book is an inspiring one, specially suitable for study by our young people.

"St. Anselm, Prologium, Monologium, and Appendix in behalf of the Fool by Gaunilon; and Cur Deus Homo." Translated from the Latin by Sidney Norton Deane, B.A. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xxxv-288. Price, cloth, $1; paper, 50 cents.

The Open Court Publishing Company issues a series of philosophical classics in its Religion of Science Library. St. Anselm was one of the great doctors of the Middle Ages who influenced human thought probably more than any of his contemporaries. He was born in Piedmont in 1033, and died at Canterbury, England, in 1109. He was one of the most strenuous of the British Archbishops, and had memorable conflicts with William Rufus and Henry I. As a religious philosopher he had no superior in his own age, and few superiors in any age. He has been known as the Augustine of the Middle Ages. His famous treatise, "Cur Deus Homo," discusses the doctrine of satisfaction as a theory of the Atonement. Hitherto his works have been accessible only in costly form. They are now brought within the reach of every thoughtful reader. Criticisms of Anselm by Descartes, Spinoza, Locke, Leibnitz, Kant, Hegel, Dorner, and Lotze enhance the value of the volume.

"Hephæstus: Persephone at Enna and Sappho in Leucadia." By Arthur Stringer. London: Grant Richards. Toronto: Methodist Book and Publishing House. Pp. 43. Price $1.00.

The Methodist Publishing House has won a reputation as issuing a high-class series of books by Canadian authors, and especially Canadian

poets. This book of poems reaches, we think, high-water-mark in the flood-tide of Canadian poetry. Mr. Stringer has caught the classical spirit in these echoes of the distant past. There is something sculpturesque in their statue-like grace and beauty. There broods over all the classical idea of inexorable fate. The dramatic poem on Sappho especially has an aching sadness that harmonizes with her pitiful doom. Mr. Stringer uses the fine Homeric epithets, "golden sandalled seasons," "many-songed zephyr," and the like, and other apt descriptive phrases. The vein of genius in these poems promises still further fruit.

"Ecclesiologia, or The Doctrine of the Church." Outline Notes based on Luthardt and Krauth. By Revere Franklin Weidner, D.D., LL.D. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. 120.

Dr. Weidner has for many years lectured on dogmatic theology in the Chicago Lutheran Seminary, and is an author of repute on Theological Encyclopedia. In a former volume he has treated "Theologia, or The Doctrine of God." He designs still further to discuss the subjects of Anthropologia, Christologia, Soteriologia, and other aspects of religious truth. In this volume he treats in very concise yet lucid manner the doctrine of the Christian Church, first that of the Nicene period, then that of the Church of Rome, and that of the Churches of the Reformation. The broad distinction between the Catholic and Protestant doctrines of the Church is strikingly set forth. A very full bibliography on the subject is also given.

"With the Trees. By Maud Going. Author of "With the Wild Flowers," etc. Illustrated. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. x-335. Price, $1.00 net.

We greatly rejoice at the increased attention given to nature study in our schools and in popular literature. Miss Going's book is a model of its kind. She avoids the technical phraseology which proves a barrier to many readers, yet with the popular names she gives also the scientific classification of many of the trees. She approaches the subject from the popular and literary side, giving us the folk-lore and poetical associations of the trees around us. It is not to our credit that so many of us in this land of magnificent forests, from which our country derives so much of its wealth, know so little about them. It will lend a new interest to our walks abroad to be able to recognize the family relations of our common trees. It is like the difference between going into a market among strangers and into an assembly of friends. The very titles of Miss Going's chapters will indicate her poetical style of treatment, as: When the Sap Stirs, In the Sweet o' the Year, Keeping Tryst with the Spring, The Life of the Leaves, In the High Woods, The Cone-bearers and Their Kin, The King of the Trees, The Mellowing Year, etc. The book is illustrated with numerous drawings and beautiful half-tones.

"The Judicial Decisions of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church." By R. J. Cooke, D.D. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 171. Price, $1.00.

The administration of ecclesiastical law and discipline in a great Church numbering many millions of members is a demonstration of the supreme organizing skill of Wesley as the founder of such a Church. There must perforce have arisen many appeals to the highest judicial authority of that Church, and many important decisions and legislative rulings are distributed throughout successive Journals of Conference and editions of the Book of Discipline. The codification of this is a work of supreme value to all connected with the administration of Methodist law and discipline. The work has been admirably done by that distinguished educator, legislator, and author, Dr. R. J. Cooke.

"Some Leading Ideas of Hinduism." Being the Thirty-second Fernley Lecture, delivered in Manchester, August, 1902. By Henry Haigh. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xiv-143.

This book is one of the results of mission work. The writer has had long intercourse with the people of India and writes from first-hand knowledge of the subject of which he treats, as well as from wide study of the best authorities. The subject is one of great interest, and is treated in an able manner.

"Witnesses from Israel." Life Stories of Jewish Converts to Christianity." Edited by Rev. Arnold Frank. Translated by Mrs. A. Fleming. Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 118. Price, 50 cents.

There is a common theory that it is impossible, or next to it, to convert a Jew. On the contrary, many thousands of Jews have in recent years become Christian converts, and many of them distinguished ministers of Christ. This book contains the record of twelve such, all men of marked distinction. Among these is the father of Lord Herschell, late Lord Chancellor of England, Drs. Saphir and Edersheim, Professors Neander, Cassel, Caspari, and many others. Some of the sketches are autobiographic.

"Two Country Walks in Canada." By Arnold Haultain. Illustrated. Toronto: Geo. N. Morang & Co. Pp. vii-93. Price, $1.25.

These essays, when they appeared in The Nineteenth Century, and Blackwood, attracted, like a similar article in a late Atlantic Monthly, much attention for their literary grace and keen sympathy with nature. The book is quite an edition de luxe, with its large pages, ample margins, and fine illustrations. As a nature-study of Canadian autumn and winter aspects, by a cultured Englishman, though born, by the way, in Calcutta, it is a gem of literature.

"Faces Toward the Light." By Sylvanus Stall, D.D. Author of "Methods of Church Work," etc. Philadelphia: Vir Publishing Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 310. Price, $1.00 net.

This book is one of genial Christian optimism. "Every phase of the Christian life, its joys, its sorrows, its temptations and triumphs, is treated in a reverent and deeply spiritual manner that is sure to prove helpful and inspiring to every reader." The book, like the age in which we live, is Christocentric, and illustrates the truth, never so true as now, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

"A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on Numbers." By George Buchanan Gray, M.A., D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Pp. lii-489.

The conflict of criticism still centres largely about the Pentateuch. This book gives the results of most recent studies on the Book of Numbers. It accepts frankly and fully the theory of its composite character, and in large part of late origin. It follows largely the lines of Dr. Driver and the Encyclopedia Biblica. It is a monument of Biblical scholarship, but conservative critics will not accept implicitly all of its conclusions.

"The Sermon on the Mount." A Practical Exposition of St. Matthew vi. 16; vii. 27. By Rev. J. G. Greenhough, M.A. Manchester: James Robinson. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. viii-269. Price, 4s. 6d. net.

It was a happy thought to collect in illustration of the matchless discourse of our Lord a group of twenty expositions of portions of that great sermon by a number of distinguished preachers. The book has thus a greater unity in variety than generally obtains in works of the sort, and the sermons are characterized by evangelical earnestness.

Reserved for further notice.

"The Silver Poppy." By Arthur Stringer. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 291. Price, $1.25.

"The Heart of Rome: A Tale of the 'Lost Water.'" By Francis Marion Crawford. Author of "Cecilia," etc. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Pp. 369. Price, $1.50.

"Place and Power." By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler (Mrs. Alfred Laurence Felkin). Author of "A Double Thread," etc. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 352. Price, $1.50.

Sound over all waters, reach out from all lands,
The chorus of voices, the clasping of hands,
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn,
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born!

Our Magazine for 1904.

Almost every country in the world has been exploited and described in this Magazine with but few exceptions. One of these is the comparatively little known continent of South America. It will be a surprise to many persons to learn from the handsomely illustrated articles on Brazil, Argentina, Chili, and Peru, what vast and varied and picturesque regions there are in that great continent. While a high degree of wealth and material civilization exists in its great cities, still the mass of the population are the most intensely Romanist of all Catholic people. Methodism has made remarkable advances in education and evangelism in those lands, which will be the subject of a series of papers of great interest. Special attention will, however, be paid to our own country, its outlook, its romantic and heroic story, its wonderful progress, its limitless outlook.

Our readers cannot fail to be pleased with the bright new cover of this number.

Most of the subscriptions to this Magazine terminate with the present volume. We hope our patrons will promptly renew for themselves, and seek to send also the subscription of some neighbour or friend. Of some issues of the year we have had to print second or even third editions, notably of our Wesley Bicentenary number, of which nearly twice our usual circulation was called for. If we can secure a further circulation of two thousand we will surprise our friends with the improvement in this periodical. We hope the preachers who are our special agents and all our friends will make an earnest effort to give us that increase. Now is the best time to subscribe. The November and December numbers, containing the beginning of its strongly-written serial, will be given free to new subscribers.

Publisher's Announcement.

The December number of The Methodist Magazine and Review completes the twenty-ninth year of publication, and completes also the period to which most of our subscribers have given their orders. It is hoped that every name now on our lists will continue with us for another year.

Owing to the cost of publication, we cannot well afford to send after the period they were ordered for without some intimation that a continuation is desired. We ask every subscriber, therefore, whose subscription expires with this number, to intimate by postal card, letter, or otherwise, that they desire the Magazine sent on, even if it is not convenient to remit the subscription at the time.

A duty which is incumbent on every head of a family is the supplying of wholesome reading matter to the members. It is quite certain that in these days of general reading, if good material is not supplied, that which is not good will find an inlet. The mind must be fed as well as the body. The reading matter should be selected as carefully as the food.

The Methodist Magazine and Review is published to supply pure and healthy reading matter to our homes, and to encourage native talent, and a love for elevating literature. For twenty-nine years it has faithfully carried out these purposes. Each number has been bright, elevating, and instructive.

Our programme for 1904 is an excellent one, embracing a wide range of reading matter. Attention is directed to the illustrated prospectus to be found on other pages of this issue.

Kindly intimate your desire to have the Magazine continued.

Toronto : William Briggs, Publisher.

The New Year.

BY NORMAN W. CRAGG.

STRANGE New Year! just ushered in
Amid the clanging church-bells' din,
With humbled hearts we silent wait,
Nor greet the Conqueror at the gate.

"With humbled hearts!—each morning's sun
Lit some new fortress to be won!
The stars, in sapphire cohorts formed,
At eve beheld it still unstormed.

"God lent us light that we might go
Unhalting to our goal. But lo!
That light against us witnesseth,
Who made it Priestess unto Death.

"The hopes ye bear will never bloom
In us; the Past hath writ that doom.
Our feet, to futile pathways trained,
May tread no height by worth attained."

Whereto, with ireful voice and high,
Time's bride, the New Year, made reply:
"Ye dwell amid the rotting dead;
Look to the living Now, instead!

"The Past is flown; not Christ's dear tears
Avail to touch its storied years.
Why mock ye Heaven with idle prayers,
While in the keen, north-blowing airs

"The dying mother from the storm
Shields yet her baby,—vainly warm!—
While, huddled in the wintry street,
The children perish at your feet?—

"While one warm word of yours may win
The faint heart, hovering over sin,—
While hands of yours may, if they would,
Break holy bread of Brotherhood?

"The ancient motto stands to-day,
Still gold: 'To labour is to pray.'
The joy that reigns o'er banished tears
Is the true music of the spheres.

"Tenant no Past, lest, to it knit,
The Present be made like to it.
The Future waits undimmed and fair.—
Live for the vision imaged there!"

Uxbridge, Ont.

EVANGELIST POINTING CHRISTIAN TO THE WICKET GATE, AND OTHER PICTURES IN THE PURITAN "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."